



THE



LEISURE HOUR

OCTOBER, 1883.

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1 M	New M. 5.54 A.M.	9 T	1 Qr. 10.20 A.M.	17 W	☾ rises 6.29 A.M.	25 T	☾ rises 6.43 A.M.
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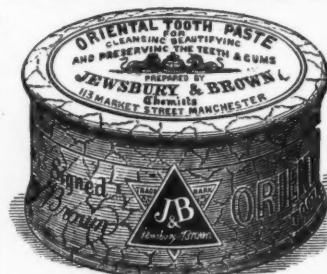
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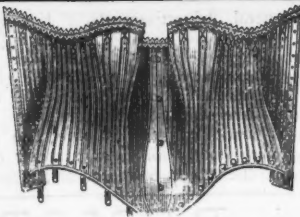
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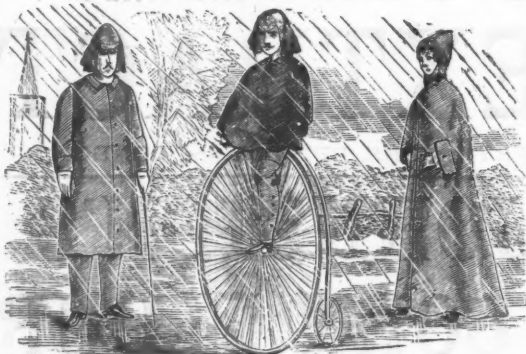
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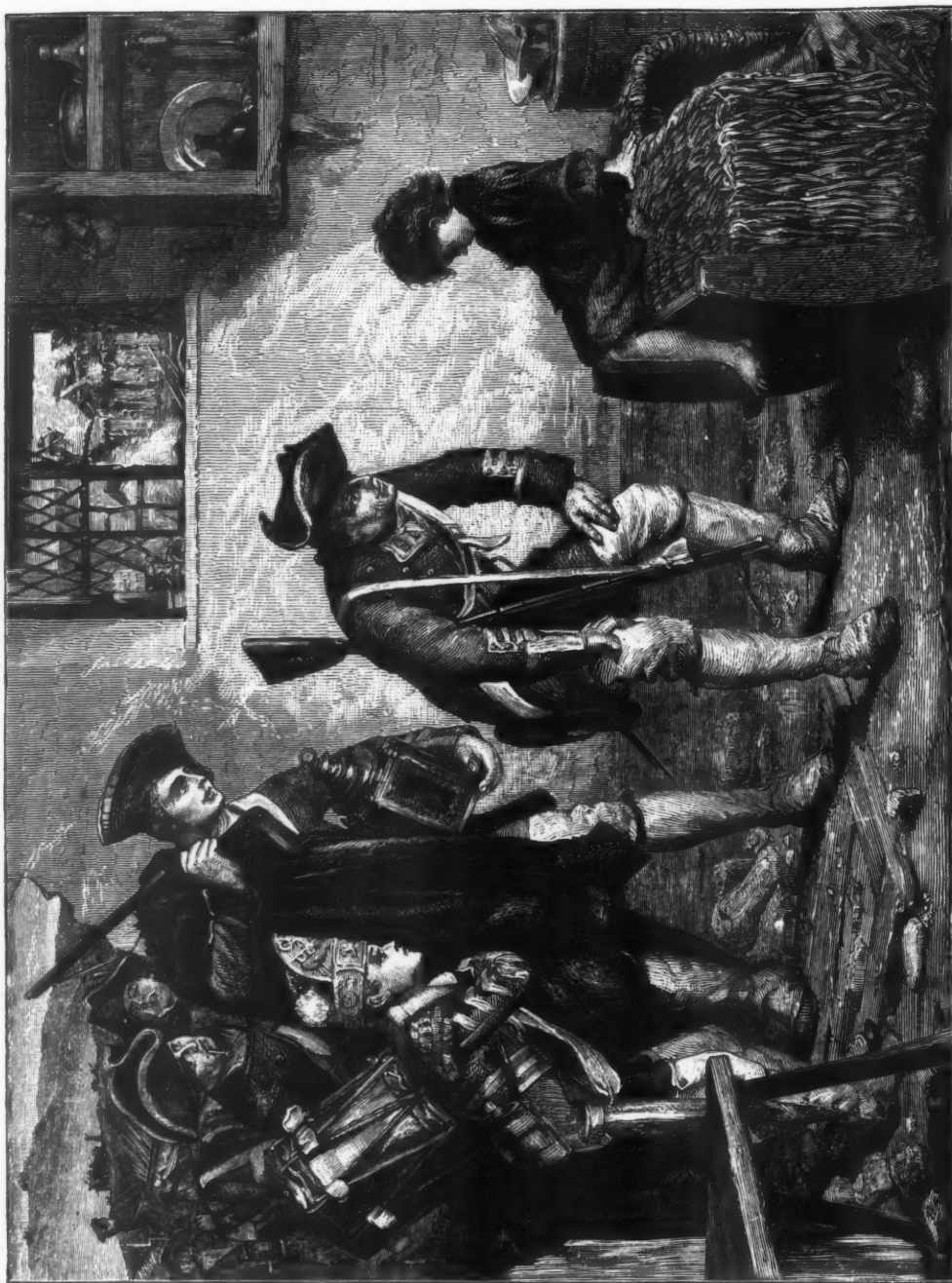
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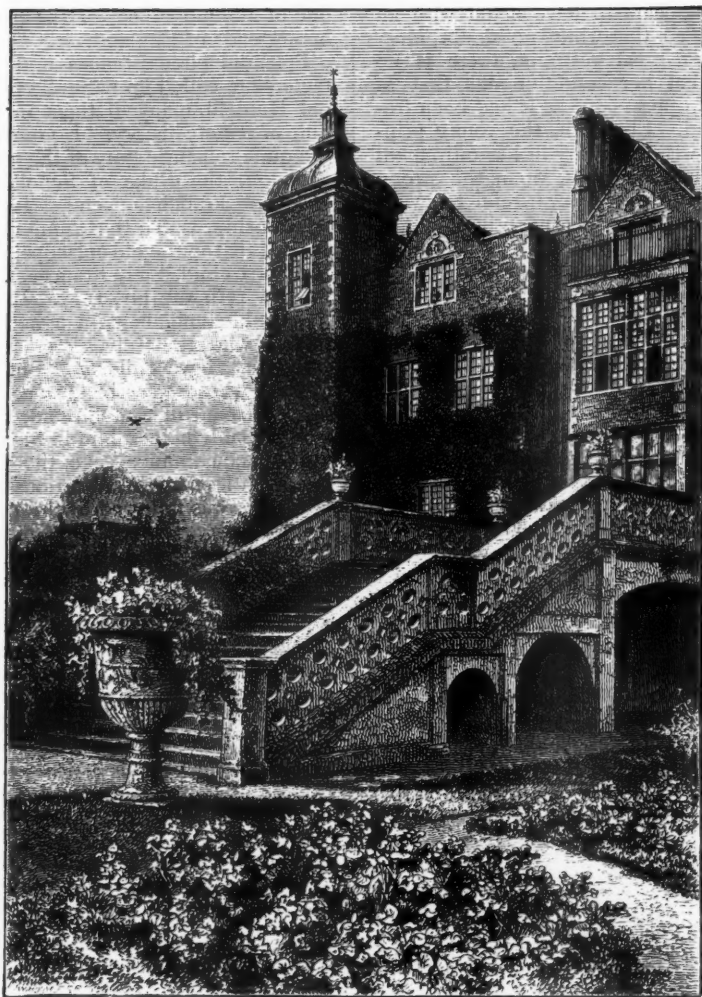
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HATFIELD,

THE HOME OF THE CECILS.



GARDEN FRONT, HATFIELD HOUSE.

FEW of the travellers of the many multitudes pouring along on the Great Northern line, perhaps resting for a few moments in the presence of the little town of Hatfield, some eighteen miles from the great metropolis, are aware that they are in the immediate neighbourhood of one of the very oldest authentic sites of an ancient Saxon village, and one of the almost incomparably interesting and ancient palatial homes of England. Few, even of our great houses, can boast such illustrious associations; scarce another, we suppose, has amongst its family records such a variety of letters and journals from the most eminent

among English names, shedding a strong light not only on some of the by-paths but the highways of English history. Circumstances connected with its story attach to it a peculiarly tender importance, and it cannot be without emotions of singular interest that any cultivated Englishman finds himself listening to the story of the home of the Cecils.

No memory connected with Hatfield is more pleasing to the English mind than that which associates it with Queen Elizabeth. During the time of her residence there it was a royal palace. Henry VIII had seized upon this delightful and

desirable nook, so pleasantly near to London. It had continued an ecclesiastical property of considerable importance even from Saxon times until then, when it became the favourite residence of four English sovereigns—Henry VIII, Edward VI, Elizabeth, and James I. It was in fact not less a royal prison than a palace when Elizabeth had her home here during the reign of Queen Mary. Here Sir Thomas Pope was her keeper, and in that relation he appears to have acted with all possible kindness, so that while no doubt Mary exercised over her great restraint, there is no authentic proof that her condition was that of imprisonment and oppression, as it has been frequently represented. Elizabeth, the young princess, was not less wise and wary in her retirement at Hatfield than in after years, when the strong sovereign of the English nation, careful to avoid all cause for suspicion, she prudently declined in any way interfering with, or expressing much opinion upon, public business. Like many other great ladies of her time, she had plentiful resources in herself—books, and favourite studies, and innocent amusements; and when Queen Mary died, on the 17th of November, 1558, the news found her, winter as it was—we may suppose the day to have been bright and fine—sitting under the celebrated Oak which has ever since been associated with her name. It almost seems as if in her great elevation she was still loth to leave Hatfield, the place of her peaceful sequestration, for she remained there several days while all London was glowing and sounding with joyful acclamations, bells clanging in the steeples and towers of all the churches, *te deums* sounding down their aisles, stalls set out in all the streets, and bonfires blazing at night in every Broadway. It was not till the 23rd of November that she set forth from Hatfield to London, the first of her many great royal progresses, surrounded by more than a thousand lords, knights, and gentlemen and ladies, who in this way were escorting her from her confinement to her crown and the throne which she was to fill for so many years. Arrived at Highgate it seemed as if the whole city, with the Lord Mayor and aldermen and sheriffs, had come forth to greet the sovereign whose reign, whatever its faults, was to inaugurate a new era and a mighty change in English history and in the destinies of England. But at Hatfield, before she left its memorable rooms, her mind had certainly been exercising itself upon the difficulties she was to encounter; the wise and celebrated Sir Thomas Gresham had been with her, and through him she had arranged the furnishing of her exhausted exchequer, borrowing £25,000 to pay for the expenses of her coronation, and £25,000 for the new and necessary demands upon her impoverished purse.

It may be thought that little remains now of the venerable tree, beneath whose branches Elizabeth received the tidings of her elevation. At the end, however, of the long avenue the visitor is conducted to what is said to be that which forms the subject of so much historic gossip. It is still called Queen Elizabeth's Oak, which has thus survived from the feudalism of the

times preceding the Tudors to our own democratic days. If we could doubt the identity of the object in which we wish so much to believe, it would be when introduced to the very straw hat which the princess is reputed to have worn on the occasion, and which is also religiously preserved among the relics and memories of the past in the noble mansion where so many such are to be found. But Hatfield Park is full of noble old trees, and is one of the most ideal of the ancient aristocratic homesteads of England.

Splendid circumstances and scenes and characters are called up naturally by the memories of old Hatfield, many of them in the far-off night-time of remote history. Do our readers remember the quite romantic story of the marriage of Charles Brandon, the Duke of Suffolk, with Mary, the widowed French queen? It was an old-love relationship, which thus came right at last. It is curious that in the old episcopal palace of Hatfield their first child, Lady Frances Brandon, was born on the 17th of July, 1517. It was singular how this could come about in a home of bishops and priests who themselves were not permitted to marry and have children. But West, the Bishop of Ely, whose was this palace at Hatfield, had been a friend of Suffolk, and, it is further said, had probably helped him in his wooing. And so, for old acquaintance' sake, the palace of Hatfield had been lent to the illustrious pair. The birth, of course, was followed by the "christening," and this took place in Hatfield Church, and the magnificent ceremonial, as recited in the Calendar of State Papers of Henry VIII, is something to read. Did the old church ever put on such grandeur again? Did it ever receive such an illustrious company? The road to the church all strewn with rushes, the church porch hung with rich cloth of gold and needlework, the church with rich tapestry, the chancel with tapestry of silk and gold, the altar blazing with jewels, the font hung with a canopy of crimson satin and powdered with roses, and the French queen's arms (Mary's) in rich needlework. And then the procession to the church—lighted torches borne by yeomen, eight by gentlemen; and the young lady herself who was to be baptized carried by noble arms, and surrounded by sixty ladies and gentlemen and prelates and priests. This little old thorp of Hatfield has known stirring and remarkable incidents in its early days; and it is yet more interesting to remember that this little Lady Frances, thus ushered into the world at Hatfield, and borne to her baptism with all this pomp and ceremonial, became herself in due time the mother of the beautiful and beloved Lady Jane Grey.

Shortly after the death of Bishop West Hatfield Palace changed hands; the king had set his mind upon it, and Henry VIII was not one to trouble his mind or conscience very much concerning rights of property when they stood in the way of his desires. So whatever were the particulars of the arrangement, Hatfield came into the possession of the Crown, and so remained until 1607; then James I, preferring Theobalds—a far more magnificent house, belonging to Lord Salisbury—he offered him Hatfield in exchange,



OLD OAK AT HATFIELD.

and so Hatfield came to be the home of the Cecils.

And now it was that the present Hatfield House and its magnificent grounds came into existence. Sir Robert Cecil determined to be his own architect in the reconstruction—or rather rebuilding—of the entire palace. Some portions of the old building were retained; a portion of that famous palace reared by Bishop Morton in the fifteenth century was absorbed, and it still remains a part of the present building. But it was a new house; it grew upon a vast and stately plan. Its noble architect intended that, as it was probable kings and queens would be entertained within its noble halls, it should be built in a worthy manner for the reception of such illustrious guests. In 1611 it was rapidly approaching completion; the stately edifice was to be ready for occupation in 1612; by mid-Lent, but before mid-Lent of that year the illustrious architect and owner had passed beyond all temporal habitations; he was destined never to inhabit the great mansion which he had proposed to call Cecil Hatfield. Distinguished guests were to be received and illustrious audiences to be held in the spacious apartments; masques, revels, and music were to flow through its magnificent rooms, but the eyes which had seen all this as in a grand conception were closed in death before any of these dreams were realised. It is probable that the original plans of Sir Robert, the first earl, were never fully completed or carried out; but those whose appreciative judgment is above all suspicion still express a sense of wonder and admiration that in so distant a time the workman-

ship of obscure English hands should, in so short a space, have reared an edifice so perfect and complete that, with all our advances in technical education, it is to be doubted if carpenters or masons now could equal, much less surpass, the perfect handiwork of this noble pile. Of course, in saying this we are indebted to the opinions of those able to form a judgment.

Nor was it in the house alone that Sir Robert had intended to display the magnificence of his taste; he devoted his imagination also to the gardens and the grounds; he extended their dimensions. Where the present River Lea flows along through what was anciently called the Dell, and is now the Vineyard, there rise trees of ancient majesty, yews and oaks and limes, in a picturesque order, which excited the admiration of John Evelyn. In his journal he speaks of his visit and says: "The most considerable rarity besides the house, inferior to few then in England for its architecture, were the garden and vineyard, rarely well watered and planned." The reader of the last volume of the Life of Bishop Wilberforce will remember an interesting letter in which he recalls his visit to Hatfield, when, with Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, he walked about the beautiful park, "Gladstone as much interested in the size of the oaks, their probable age, and the various interesting trees, as if he had nothing else to think about, and no cares of State had ever pressed upon him." And indeed large was the expense and great the expenditure of skill and care in the early history of these gardens to make them worthy at once of the habitation and the owner. From twenty to

thirty thousand vines were brought over from France with innumerable other fruit-trees, and gardeners were sent over from France by the French queen; also rare trees were contributed from the various parks and gardens of England, all adding to the dendrological wealth of the demesne. Nor is it uninteresting to remember that one of the gardeners from France was John Tradescant, afterwards horticulturist to Charles I, who was father to the celebrated John Tradescant, to whom we owe the foundation of the Tradescant Museum of Oxford, now more popularly known as the Ashmolean. Such is in truth the origin of the present Hatfield House and Park.

The remark has often been made that the old monks well knew where to pitch the sites for their habitations, and Hatfield illustrates the truth of the observation. Perhaps in these days, when civilisation has reduced all various scenes into such uniformity, the delightful situation is not so distinctly realised. Wood and water abounded in monastic times, and they give verdure and fertility and grace to the scene still, reminding us in several particulars of Byron's glowing and graphic description of his own mansion in the picture of Norman Abbey:

"Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, joined

By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur; but when combined,
Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,

At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts:
We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
Nor judge at first if all be true to nature.

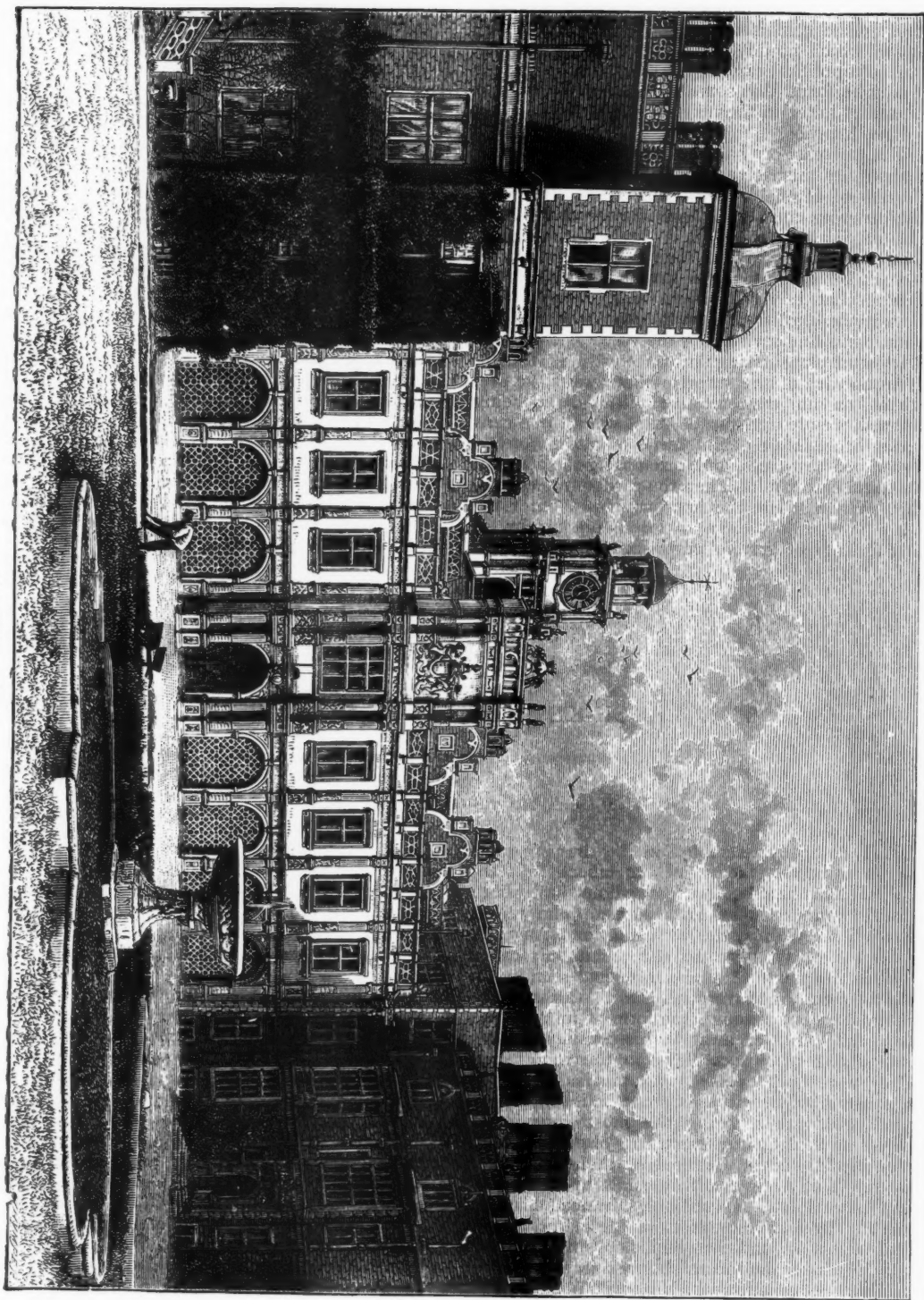
It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood, like Caractacus, in act to rally
His host, with broad arms, 'gainst the thunder stroke,
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters—as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird."

But the grandeur of the extensive grounds, and the munificence of the splendid apartments, yield in interest to that which to curious and antiquarian tastes will be regarded as the chief wealth of Hatfield—its surprising store of ancient letters and documents. The "Quarterly Review," in a very interesting paper on Hatfield House some years since, by the Rev. J. S. Brewer, and now reprinted in the collected volume of his Essays, refers at length to this wonderful collection, which includes original papers from the time of Edward III to the accession of the House of Hanover, the correspondence of the great Lord Burleigh and his son from the time of Henry VIII to James I. It is said that there is scarcely an event or a personage of interest during all those troubled times of which or of whom we may not obtain some clearer light, some more distinct and graphic touch, from these papers. Especially we are introduced to the inner minds

of both of these eminent statesmen. Here is a draft in Burleigh's own hand of the settlement of England on the accession of Elizabeth, and here is the correspondence of Elizabeth with Mary Queen of Scots. Here are letters in French, said to be Mary's, but which are described as clumsy and suspicious manipulations of her hand; they are numbered by Burleigh himself; and here are all the letters concerning the proposed marriages of Elizabeth, all the preparations for the Armada, the passionate career of Essex; here too are correspondence and documents connected with the Gunpowder and the Bye Plots, touching the whereabouts of Garnet, and all the various movements of the Jesuits, and the marriage and attempted escape of unhappy Arabella Stuart. All these circumstances, and innumerable others scarcely less interesting, are presented in unbroken succession before the eyes so fortunate as to obtain a glimpse of these papers; letters traced by the hands of Wolsey, by the fingers of Essex the night before his execution, surely affecting; the hands which traced all these various lines long since dust; the agonising wives and relatives anxiously sighing for the remotest hope of mercy long since decayed; but these pages over which has passed the breath of centuries surviving still, reciting intrigues and disappointments, hopes and sorrows, the story of the ambition and the fall. "All else has perished," says the interesting writer in the "Quarterly," "but poor sheets of paper, once warm beneath the hands of those who traced the characters inscribed upon them, of kings, queens, princes, statesmen, the prosperous and the miserable, the triumphant and the dying, the noble and the ignoble—these form a visible and material bond that brings the present by undying sympathy into close proximity with the past." Surely very wonderful books of chronicles indeed, history in very pre-Raphaelitic lines, sincere, unalloyed, and undisguised.

As the pedestrian walks through the quaint little village of Hatfield, turning from its splendid grounds and stately house, he may perhaps remember that it became a theme of universal gossip towards the close of the reign of Charles II, when the alleged revelations and hallucinations of Elizabeth Freeman, called the Maid of Hatfield, aged twenty-one years, excited considerable attention. It was the age of plots, and she was no doubt one of the most impudent of impostors; but she made deposition before the magistrates and the vicar of Hatfield that she had been several times visited by an apparition, a woman in white, with a white veil over her face, who told her that on the 15th of May following the king would be poisoned, and charged her again and again to tell him; and this apparition appeared to her at various times and in various circumstances. And after having recited the story to Mr. Richard Wilkinson, the schoolmaster of Hatfield, and other of the inhabitants, the magistrates received her deposition, and did actually obtain for her an audience with the king in council: they all accompanied her, with her mother and other persons. And the king really manifested great good sense; he heard her story very patiently, very kindly asked her

HATFIELD HOUSE.



several questions, and then said to her, "Go home and serve God, and you will see no more visions." And so she was dismissed, and the stirring story, out of which no doubt some quack politician intended a political capital, was quelled. So usually it may be found that some of the meaner traits of humanity loiter in the neighbourhood of its most splendid scenes.

But we must cry halt, and leave our readers to realise for themselves by a personal visit the charms of Hatfield House and Park. Through the generous courtesy of its noble owner the Marquis of Salisbury the park is always thrown open freely to visitors, and the mansion itself after two o'clock on days when the family is not at home. Before that hour, however, there is plenty to occupy the stroller in a ramble over the magnificent park, and a visit to "the vinery," so called. The latter place is singularly interesting. Its title gives no idea of the surprise that awaits the eye, when, on an unpretending little door being opened, we are transported, as it were, three centuries back, into a quaint series of alleys, formed by twisted yew-trees, and resembling the aisles of a natural cathedral. Then the gardens are charming. When at last the hour comes to enter the house we almost envy an intelligent visitor his first feelings of grateful surprise. The old hall is

just such a one as Washington Irving would have loved to describe, and carries the imagination back to many a scene of lordly festivity that has been held under its roof. A long gallery, replete with antiquarian objects, leads to the little chapel, where generations of worshippers have offered in their day prayer and praise to the Great Being into whose presence they have long since passed. An antique staircase conducts by another long, stately, and richly furnished gallery to rooms associated with crowned heads and illustrious historical personages who have slept there and had their names inscribed upon them. At each step, indeed, fresh interest is communicated to the observing eye, by apartments filled with noble paintings, antique furniture, and rare curiosities, till at last, when the visitor, after a sort of royal progress, regains again the open air, and breathes once more the invigorating atmosphere of the park, lighted up as it was for us by a mellow September sun, he will feel that his mind has been steeped in a bath of serenifying beauty. To whatever shade of politics he belongs, we are certain that, amid the tumult of pleasurable feelings that occupies him, there will be a strongly expressed sentiment of gratitude to the nobleman to whose most liberal courtesy he has been indebted for the intellectual enjoyments of the day.

THE LATCH-KEY; OR, TOO MANY BY HALF.

BY T. S. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF "STRAIGHT TO THE MARK."

CHAPTER VI.—VERY SUSPICIOUS.

THE company assembled in the drawing-room consisted chiefly of members of the Walrus family, most of whom have been already introduced to our readers. John recognised Tom Walrus, the only son, and Augustus Sealey, Mrs. Walrus's nephew, commonly called Gus, as the young men whom he had seen in the clerks' office in Liverpool. Mr. Walrus good-naturedly went through the form of an introduction, and John, led away by his cousinly feelings, extended his hand cordially to the young men. They were both dressed with precision, a great expanse of white stiff shirt front, relieved only by small gold studs, being the most conspicuous object of their attire; everything else about them was black, except, of course, their hands and faces. Tom Walrus, with a smile upon his lips, half natural, half supercilious, advanced his hand slightly by a movement from the elbow, as if it had been a fin, and allowed his cousin to grasp it, wincing under the too ardent pressure and uttering a slight exclamation which we will not translate. Gus, when his turn came, kept his hands in safety under his coat-tails, thrusting his shirt-front forward by a peculiar movement of the back and

head, as if they worked upon a flap-hinge, in acknowledgment of John's greeting. There were several other persons present who were not introduced, and who did not appear to take any interest in Mr. Arry Smith beyond looking at him with surprise and then at each other with amusement.

"Dinner waits—has been waiting some time," Mrs. Walrus said, taking an arm of one of the guests and directing the others to precede her. John offered his arm to a plain elderly-looking young lady with a long face and thin ringlets. Her name he afterwards learned was Dugong—sole surviving representative of the late partner of the house. She touched John's arm with the tip of her fingers, and, being highly nervous and bashful, got in his way, so that, without any fault of his own, he trod upon her toes with his heavy boot; he felt her shrink under the infliction; but she only smiled sweetly when he apologised, and seemed rather to like it. Miss Dugong never spoke except when some one addressed her; and then she appeared so flurried by the attention that it seemed to be the truest kindness not to do it again. John took his place at the lower end of

the table, Emily Walrus being on one side of him and Miss Dugong on the other. Whenever he spoke to the latter she answered in a monosyllable, giving him his name as she had heard it—

"No, Mr. Smith. Yes, Mr. Smith."

John, being rather particular about his patronymic, expostulated.

"Arrowsmith is my name," he said, blandly.

"Oh, indeed!" she answered, begging his pardon with much confusion; and the next time he spoke to her she called him "Mr. Harris."

"Not quite right yet," he said, with a smile; "Arrow-smith."

Miss Dugong was more disturbed than ever, begged his pardon again, and a minute later addressed him as Mr. Arrowroot, after which she spoke to him no more, nor he to her. John then had time to look around him. How he envied the hired waiters their plain, genteel appearance! how heartily he wished himself anywhere but where he was, as he contrasted his own pied costume with the sombre but correct evening dress of his cousin on the opposite side of the table! How thankful he felt that Emily was not sitting opposite to him to watch his appearance and movements as the young men were doing! He tried not to care about the young men; and while Emily conversed with him, pleasantly and naturally, as if there were nothing wrong, he almost succeeded.

John took no wine. He had scarcely ever tasted it, and did not mean to indulge in luxuries which were denied to the large family at home.

"Are you a teetotaler?" Tom asked, across the table.

"Practically yes; though I don't call myself one."

Mrs. Walrus noted the reply.

"You need not be afraid of our wine," she said; "it's the best that can be bought; it cost—I don't know how much a dozen."

Raison de plus, John thought, for refusing.

The conversation was not very lively; and everything being strange to John, he found himself at a loss, and knew not how to take part in it.

The room was warm, and Mrs. Walrus complained of the gas.

"I wonder you don't burn oil," John said, simply.

The remark was answered only by a dead silence. Mr. Walrus, it is true, looked up as if he sympathised with John's suggestion; but Mrs. Walrus's eye was fixed upon her husband, and he drooped under it. Mrs. Walrus, it might well be supposed, did not approve of oil—or perhaps had never heard of it; her countenance at that moment was suggestive rather of vinegar.

After dinner Tom Walrus and his cousin left the table for "a smoke."

"Do you smoke?" Mr. Walrus asked, turning to John.

"No," he said.

"I am glad of that," Mr. Walrus answered; "it is not a good habit for young men. Do you never smoke at all?"

"Never."

"And you don't drink wine or spirits?"

"No."

"That's well. Let us go to the ladies."

In the drawing-room John stood about uneasily, until Mr. Walrus asked him if he would like to play at chess. Mrs. Walrus was not then in the room, and, as John assented, Emily was directed to fetch the chessmen, and, by her father's desire, sat down to play with her cousin. He enjoyed this very much. Emily was just then the one bright star of his horizon. She seemed to be quite unconscious of the disfiguring effects of his peculiar costume, and managed somehow to make him forget it also, except when he looked up and saw himself reflected and multiplied in the mirrors. It was natural, therefore, that he should confine his attention to the game and to her, and neither of them noticed Mrs. Walrus's return to the room. The game lasted long, but John was beaten, and confessed, with a laugh, that he was "mated" at last, and that he and Emily were very nicely "matched." Mrs. Walrus then told her daughter severely to put away the chessmen and to find some other occupation, or to go and talk to Miss Dugong.

"Well," said Mrs. Walrus to her husband, when they were alone that night, "what do you think of your nephew?"

"I don't know," he replied; "what is your opinion?"

"H'm! to judge by appearances—"

"That is not always safe."

"Is it not? What else is one to judge by?"

"He seems quiet and steady."

"A little too quiet, Walrus. Still waters run deep."

"There is more in him, I dare say, than you might think at first sight."

"He is not used to sussieety, of course. And yet I don't believe he is so innocent and quiet as he seems; it's all put on, like his evening dress."

Then she told her husband how she had detected John with his hand resting familiarly upon Emily's shoulder. Happily she knew nothing of the cousinly salute with which their first interview had been distinguished.

"They are cousins, my dear," Mr. Walrus said.

"Cousins indeed! third cousins four times removed, or something of that sort. I should not acknowledge the relationship at all if I were you."

"But, my dear, his mother was a Walrus!"

"I don't care; she might have been a—hipopotamus, she was about to say, but it was as well not to play upon the name which she had condescended to share with her husband. "Then he don't drink wine," she went on—"a teetotaler!"

"That's a good point in him, though I am not one myself," Mr. Walrus said. "I wish Tom and Gus—"

"Yes, if it were true; but I have been up to his room, and what did I see in his portmanteau but a flask full of brandy—a large one, too! And he don't smoke, don't he?" she continued, speaking rapidly, while her husband opened his round eyes and gazed at her, astonished and perplexed. —"He don't smoke, don't he? and there's two

blackened pipes, and a box full of cigars, and a pouch of tobacco, all hidden away in the portmanteau, and fixed stars to light them with; and you can smell his clothes a mile off! And look at 'is 'airbrushes!" Mrs. Walrus was excited, and at such times her h's became unmanageable. "Look at his 'airbrushes! the best hivory backs! a guinea each, I'll answer for it! Tom don't buy such, though he might; and his scent-bottles—real silver tops, 'all-marked. For a poor man's son, with a large family, it's a disgrace! And that's not the worst, Walrus; there's books in his portmanteau which I shouldn't wish any son or daughter of mine to read; and two packs of cards and a cribbage-board, and—and—in short, Walrus, the young man would be a very bad companion for Tom, and it is a pity you ever brought him here; and as for 'aving him in the counting-house—"

"Well, well," said her husband, despondingly, "we must think about it. I hope he is not so bad as you suppose."

"I should decide at once if I were you. You complain of *my* nephew Gus; but you know the worst of him; he don't conceal his habits; he don't pretend to be better than he isn't, and if he smokes he lets you know it."

"He does; I wish he didn't."

"He don't read good-for-nothing books."

"No; nor any others."

"He knows how to behave in sussieety, and how to dress."

"That's true. I only wish he would pay his tailor's bills."

"Poor Gus is an orphan; how often must I remind you of that."

"I am reminded of it every day. I wish he would think of it himself sometimes. If he were not an orphan and your nephew I should not keep him in the office another hour. He is no use there; never does anything—except what he ought not. And he is making Tom almost as bad as himself. Talk about bad companions! Tom is pretty nearly spoilt already."

"Well, you must do as you think proper," Mrs. Walrus said. "Poor Gus! he has no father to guide him."

"And won't listen to his uncle. I can't go on with him much longer unless he alters."

Mrs. Walrus was only too well aware of her nephew's faults, and as she could not defend him thought it better to say no more about John. Mr. Walrus had put up with a great deal of idleness and extravagance on the part of Augustus Sealey, who was almost wholly dependent upon him. There had been "no end of a row" just lately, and Gus had narrowly escaped dismissal. Mrs. Walrus was very much afraid that John might be taken into the counting-house instead of her favourite nephew. But Mr. Walrus had agreed to give the offender another trial, and he was not the man to go from his word or to do things by halves. It troubled him to hear what his wife said about the contents of John's portmanteau; but he wished to give him a chance notwithstanding, knowing what difficulties "poor old Arrowsmith" had to contend against with his large family.

The end of it was that, after giving John some kind and fatherly advice, which he was afraid of making too strong, lest he should seem to be reflecting upon Gus and so setting one of his nephews against the other, he told John that he would take him into the office for a few weeks on trial, giving him a stipend which, though small, was sufficient for his simple wants and seemed to him like a fortune.

John wrote to his father on the very day that this was settled, telling him nothing of the inconveniences which he had suffered, but, on the contrary, painting everything in the bright colours with which his own sanguine expectations had invested them. Uncle Walrus and Cousin Emily came in for special mention, but the burden of his communication was that he had now got his foot inside the office door and meant to keep it there. It was a great house for business; the revenues, as evidenced by the villa residence and the style of living there, must be immense. Uncle Walrus was in fact one of the merchant princes of Liverpool, and he, John, had got his foot inside the office door, and meant to keep it there.

As for Mrs. Walrus, she could not forget that she had been foiled in her remonstrances with her husband. It was not often that she allowed Walrus to have the last word or the upper hand, and her feelings towards John, whom she regarded as the cause of her humiliation, were anything but amiable. She resolved to keep her eye upon him, and did not doubt that she should find occasion against him sooner or later, and that his engagement in the office of Walrus, Dugong, and Co. would be of very short duration.

CHAPTER VII.—"MOST 'STRAOR'NARY THING."

JOHN ARROWSMITH, unconscious of any evil report or unfavourable disposition towards himself on the part of Mrs. Walrus, not knowing that she had ransacked his portmanteau and drawn her conclusions from its contents, continued, in his letters home, to give good accounts of himself and of his prospects as a business man at Liverpool. Mrs. Arrowsmith was not a little pleased with herself for having sent him thither to show himself, and did not fail to remind her husband, whenever the subject was mentioned, that it was at her suggestion that John had been dispatched without previously writing about him, and that it had been well and wisely done.

"You see how well it has turned out," she would say. "You did not quite approve of what you called my—diplomacy—at the time; but you see the result. I always thought it would be the best and wisest course, and so it has proved."

At which John Henry, her husband, would turn away with a smile (there were no mirrors on the walls to betray him), and murmur something to himself inaudibly.

Two months passed away, and still the accounts from Liverpool continued favourable. There was, by that time, no doubt that John's position in the house of Walrus, Dugong, and Co. was established.

In a word, as Mrs. Arrowsmith told her husband, John was off their hands.

"I wish a few more of them were off our hands," John Henry answered.

"There's nothing to complain of," his wife replied. "Margaret has a good situation and will no doubt keep it. I wanted Margaret at home; but when Mrs. MacPhear offered to take her as resident governess with—well, a fair stipend, if not a very good one, I thought it best to let her go. Margaret is a great loss to me, with all the younger children."

Mr. Arrowsmith also had been very sorry to part with Margaret; it was the troop of little ones that chiefly troubled him, and Margaret had taught them and taken charge of them. He doubted whether there was any true economy in letting her go as governess to other people's children when there were so many to be looked after at home. But he sighed and said nothing.

"I should not be surprised," Mrs. Arrowsmith said, "if John were to find a place at Liverpool for Alfred. It might be a good plan to send Alfred down—"

"To show himself?"

"Not exactly; but to stay a little while with his brother, and—yes—to show himself, John Henry. Why not?"

"Not just yet," Mr. Arrowsmith replied; "by-and-by perhaps, when John is more firmly settled."

"Well, by-and-by; we may reckon then that there are three off our hands already, or nearly so—Margaret, John, and Alfred. I hope now that, if all goes on well, we shall be able to have a little change this summer. It is an age since we have been away from home. You want a holiday, John Henry, and so does Judith. Judith ought to go to the seaside; everybody says so. It would do her more good than anything."

"Yes, but think of the expense."

"Of course! I knew you would say that."

"How could we leave the children?"

"I did not propose to leave them; they must go with us."

"Impossible. Why, nobody would take them in; we could never find lodgings for them."

"Why not?"

"Such a troop! Children are always objected to. Too many by half!"

"That's what you always say, John Henry, and it is not right or kind of you. 'Too many by half?' Which half would you like to part with, I wonder, the elder or the younger, the boys or the girls? Poor Judith! I hope you may not have to part with her—"

"Now pray—pray don't talk like that," Mr. Arrowsmith interrupted; "you know what I mean—it is you who are unkind to misunderstand me so."

For a few moments neither of them spoke.

"There is no reason to be anxious about dear Judith, I hope," John Henry said at length.

"Oh, no; except, of course, that she is not strong, and, at her age, a change, the sea air, if we could manage it—"

"I'll think it over," Mr. Arrowsmith said; "I

do not see how it can be done, but I'll think it over."

Then he put on his hat; the old ceremony at parting was revived for this occasion, and he went away to his business.

Mrs. Arrowsmith also went about her business, with a light heart, having first wiped away a tear from her eyes. When her husband said he would think over anything that she had proposed, it generally ended in some means being found for bringing it to pass, and she waited with pleasing expectation to hear what he would say on his return.

"Most 'straor'nary thing," he said that evening, as soon as he entered the house.

"Yes, John Henry—what?"

"Most 'straor'nary thing!" he repeated. "You remember what we were talking about this morning?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, I have been thinking about it all day."

"That is not extraordinary."

"No; but—if you'll only let me speak," he said, and was silent.

"Yes. Well?"

"You are so abrupt; what was I going to say?"

That was what his wife wanted to know; but she thought it best to wait in silence.

"Oh. I have been thinking about it all day. We could not take all the children into lodgings."

"I think we might."

"Wait a minute, do; it would not do at all. We could not stow them away in other people's rooms as we do in our own house; and think of all the extras!"

Mrs. Arrowsmith's countenance fell.

"But—"

Mr. Arrowsmith put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a latch-key.

"Look at this," he said. "Most 'straor'nary thing! Whom should I meet in the omnibus this evening, coming home, but Shouler!"

"Mr. Shouler! Why, you meet him every day."

"Not lately; Shouler has been away for a month, and that is the curious part of it. He has been at Hastings; took a furnished house there for himself and family; a good house, too—three guineas a week."

"That's a great deal."

"In the height of the season it would have been six; but three is more than we could afford."

"I am afraid so."

"You need not be afraid. Shouler took his house for two months—No. 7, Golden Terrace—and now he finds he is obliged to be in town; can't stay at Hastings; wants to get rid of his house. Agent says there's no chance of re-letting it now, and won't take it off his hands."

Again John Henry Arrowsmith held up the latch-key.

"Well? Well?"

"Shouler has offered me the house for the remainder of his term at half price, thirty-one and sixpence per week, and—I have taken it."

"Taken it? Really!" Mrs. Arrowsmith exclaimed. "Taken it without seeing it? Well, I hope it will suit. I hope we shall find it all that you expect; and I hope we shall be able to go."

"I hope so indeed," Mr. Arrowsmith replied, feeling a little annoyed that his wife, who had but a moment before been full of eagerness, should now show any hesitation. "If you think there's any doubt about it," he added, "I'll go and see Shouler, and give him back his key at once."

"Oh no, my dear; I have no doubt it will be all right. Hastings—you will like Hastings, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed!"

They both of them had pleasant recollections of Hastings.

"There were not so many of us then," John said, slyly, referring to their former visit.

"No," she answered, thoughtfully. "Only we two."

"Two? One, you mean."

"Yes, one—then and always. Oh, John Henry, I am so glad! And I have had a letter from Margaret, saying that she can have a holiday, and proposing to come home for two or three weeks immediately. She can go with us to Hastings."

"I am very glad of that. I only wish poor John—"

"John would have enjoyed it, but he is better where he is. When are we to go?"

"The sooner the better; the house is empty; here is the key; and rent begins from to-morrow."

"Then we must not lose a day."

"I will speak to Grindall to-morrow morning about getting away. I have no doubt I can be spared on Saturday, or perhaps Friday, for a week or so."

"Only a week?"

"Yes, and perhaps another week later on. You and the children can stay a month."

It is needless to describe the excitement that prevailed among all members of the family when the arrangements for spending a month at the seaside were made known. The children began their preparations in the liveliest earnest. John was very much wanted to mend all kinds of things for the occasion; but they got themselves mended somehow or other, for where there's a will there's a way. The only person who made difficulties was the maid-of-all-work (and no play), Sophia. Sophia had things to get; she must go home and tell her mother; she did not know what her mother would say to it. She had never seen the sea, and only hoped there was no danger of being washed away and drowned; neither had she ever been in a railway train, where there were so many colossians; not that she was going to be afraid. She could make up her mind to anything if they would only give her time; but Friday, the day after to-morrow, would be here directly, and everybody knew it was unlucky to begin a journey like that on Friday: she would not care if it could be put off till Saturday. But the children stopped her with one accord, and Mrs. Arrowsmith, though she also had her little anxieties and prejudices in regard to Friday, could not think of sacrificing a

day while the rent was running on. If they could have gone on Thursday it would have been better for some reasons; but a visit to the seaside with such a party was an event of great moment, a thing unheard of hitherto in the annals of the Arrowsmiths, and therefore not to be enterprised or taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly. So, as the day could not be anticipated, and it seemed a folly to postpone it without some better reason than Sophia's and her own superstitious fears, Mrs. Arrowsmith resolved to go on Friday, and, as Sophia said, "risk it."

And on Friday they went. The Cochon China cock in the back garden next door had disturbed Sophia's rest by crowing at unseemly hours in the most dismal and despairing way, as only those melancholy birds can crow. Sophia was generally a sound sleeper. A stack of chimneys had once fallen through the roof upon the floor at the foot of her bed, and she had been discovered sleeping calmly among the *débris*, chewing fragments of mortar which had fallen into her open mouth, and dreaming that she was eating pie-crust, such as she made herself for master's table. But the dreary moaning of that "Shockin' China," as she called it, fell upon her ear with much more disturbing force than the fall of the chimneys, and filled her with fresh anxieties about the projected journey. It gave her "a turn" (in bed) every time she heard it, so that she slept but little that night; and turned out early to pack her box, a new one, papered outside and in with a pictorial history of Robinson Crusoe, and to prepare generally for what might happen. The "Shockin' China" and the Friday would alone have been sufficient to appal a stouter heart than Sophia's; but there were other distressing tokens. On the eve of such an expedition she seemed to read a "horror-scope" in every little incident, and to detect mysterious warnings in trifling events which at any other time would have escaped notice. When she took in the milk a passenger with a cast in his eye cast a sidelong glance at her, which seemed to the anxious maiden as full of destiny as the evil eye to the Neapolitan; the coffee sediment in her cup afforded her fresh "grounds" for apprehension, and a hollow cinder which flew from the kitchen grate to her feet was accepted as a token of the condition to which she might expect to be reduced before it was done with—"cras forsitan cinis et favilla." The quotation is ours, not Sophia's; Board-schools had not been established in her day.

A special omnibus was engaged to take the party to London Bridge, and a special compartment was placed at their disposal in the train. Sophia wanted to have Robinson Crusoe in the carriage with her, fearing that some one might be attracted by it, or take it by mistake, "as had happened to Master John's portmanteau," but she abandoned it at last, with the new bonnet which it contained, to the guard, charging him "not to put nothing on it or nigh it," and then resigned herself to her fate, sitting bolt upright upon the edge of the seat between two of the children. After all, she argued with herself, it was not likely that anything very bad would happen to her in

such company. There was a Providence for her, she firmly believed, as there was for Robinson Crusoe, in spite of his man Friday; and especially, now that she came to think of it, for cherubs that sit up aloft, and for children that sit in railway trains. There was more sense and reason in that belief than in all the omens. Perhaps the gradual and steady motion of the train at starting, and the comfortable, solid bench on which she sat, with the fresh air coming in at the open window, and the green fields and trees gliding so quietly past them, helped to inspire confidence.

It was a slow train, for third-class passengers must not expect to travel express on the South-Coast lines—and they stopped at every station.

Before they had travelled many miles Sophia had so far recovered herself as to suggest refreshments. There was a basket of sandwiches, jam tarts, bottles of milk-and-water, and other luxuries, of which she had never, even in the hour of her greatest alarm, relaxed her grasp; and she forgot the last of her anxieties in watching the cherubs as they all ate and drank, and in finishing up whatever they left.

Before reaching their journey's end, little Decimus, dazed, perhaps, with looking at the passing trees and banks, grew sleepy, and Sophia took him to her arms, and felt safer than ever. So much so that she also began to nod, and had to be propped up between Septimus and Octavia to avoid accidents.

Mr. Arrowsmith sat in one corner, silent, and not so much elated as might have been expected. The double fares for the return journey had made a serious demand upon his purse; a great many little payments had been called for before leaving home; and already he foresaw that this expedition would cost much more than he had calculated. The noise of the children, too, was troublesome. Margaret was to have met them at the departure platform, but had written to say she could not come until the following day. Mr. Arrowsmith was disappointed at this, and though there were already "too many by half in the carriage," would gladly have made room for her; or they might have overflowed into another compartment. He wondered why they had not done so; but it was characteristic of them to keep together. Mr. Arrowsmith had never before been shut up on a warm day in so small a space with so many of them, and after all the fatigue and running to and fro which he had suffered in getting them together and seeing to the luggage, they made his head ache.

Hastings was reached at last, and most of the party set out on foot to look for No. 7, Golden Terrace, Mrs. Arrowsmith, with the invalid Judith and the luggage, following in a fly.

CHAPTER VIII.—A CHAMBER OF MYSTERY.

"THERE'S Golden Terrace, and there's No. 7. Who has got the key?"

"I have," said Paterfamilias.

"Is it seven, or seventeen?" one of the party asked.

"Seven," said his father; "at least, that was my impression. Did I not tell you seven?"

Some said "Yes," others "No." Sophia "thought for sure it was seventy," but there were not above a score of houses in the terrace.

"It is seven," Mr. Arrowsmith said, decidedly. "I should never have doubted about it if some one had not suggested seventeen. This must be the house."

There was a short strip of garden in front of each house in Golden Terrace, and as they walked up the straight path in a line, ten of them, each carrying a basket or a bag or some article of luggage, to their surprise the door was opened, and forth to meet them came a similar party, only not quite so numerous, armed with wooden spades, miniature buckets, sixpenny boats with sails flying, and other indispensables of the seaside.

"No. 7 seems to be already occupied," said Mr. Arrowsmith, addressing a nurse with a baby in her arms. "Are you living here?"

"Yes," she replied, "we have got the whole house."

"Then we have mistaken the number. It must be seventeen after all. Who said it was seven? My head is so confused that I could not feel certain about it, but I should have known it was seventeen if some one else had not said seven."

They went on to No. 17, which was just like No. 7 in size and appearance. In fact, all the houses in the row were alike, and several of them had bills in the windows showing that they were to let. Mr. Arrowsmith applied the latch-key, which went in easily enough, but would not turn in the lock. It yielded, however, to a little pressure, the door turned on its hinges, and the whole party entered.

"Here we are at last," said Paterfamilias, "and here comes your mother with the luggage."

"It seems a comfortable house," Mrs. Arrowsmith said, when she had been over it; "not large, but we shall manage with it very nicely. It is well that we brought some little beds for the children; the furniture is not well adapted for a large little family. Dear me! the house seems rather close. I wonder how long it is since the windows were opened. It seems to have been unoccupied for some time."

"Only about a week," said her husband; "it is not more than a week since Shouler left it. We ought to have had some one to prepare it for us, or to have sent Sophia first."

"Never mind; we shall soon shake down," Mrs. Arrowsmith answered.

The process of shaking down need not be described. It was quickly accomplished, and before night everything was in good order. The children were rather closely packed, but not more so than they had been in their little home at Peckham, and they had the windows open to let in the sea breeze, which was refreshing.

"It is not quite the sort of house I had expected from your description of it," Mrs. Arrowsmith said, when she was able at length to sit down quietly with her husband. "It is not furnished for a family, and I quite wonder how Mr. Shouler, with even his party, could have found it sufficient."

"There are some things about it, too, that surprise me: the style of the furniture, for instance; it is not what one would expect in a lodging-house; and all the things in the kitchen are so good, though they don't seem to have been used lately. Then there is that little front room on the first floor by the side of the drawing-room; it is quite a puzzle. Do let us go and look at it again."

The little room in question, though small, had been furnished with unusual care and elegance. They had found the door locked, but one of the other door-keys fitted it; and they had not hesitated to open it, as it was understood that the whole of the house was at their disposal. There were some good water-colour drawings on the walls, prettily framed. There was a piano, open, as if it had been lately used, with a piece of music on the stand, but covered with dust. Mrs. Arrowsmith touched the keys lightly and was startled at the discordant notes, which seemed, she knew not why, to send a thrill through her nervous system; it appeared to have the same effect upon her husband, who whispered to her to desist. The recesses on each side of the fireplace were lined with books, most of them nicely bound, consisting chiefly of poetry and standard works of light literature. Upon a writing-table, paper, pens, ink-glasses in which the ink was dry and hard, and a multitude of nicknacks were laid out. A small gilt clock was there, silent and still; a book lay open, with a small marble weight upon it, to keep the page where the last reader had laid it down. The last reader! who, what, where might she be? This was evidently a lady's boudoir; everything in the room was elegant and tasteful; many of the ornaments were more or less costly. The window blinds were down all over the house, and some of the cords gave way when Mr. Arrowsmith endeavoured to draw them up; but with this exception nothing seemed to have been done to protect the contents of this or any other room. Nothing had been put away or covered up, as might have been expected in a house which was to be let to strangers. Yet the whole house, and even this room with all its treasures, looked desolate and forsaken. Perhaps the dreariest thing of all was a plant, standing in a china vase upon a little table by itself; it was withered, root and branch, flower and stem, and covered with dust, so that it was difficult to say what kind of plant it was or had been. Mrs. Arrowsmith and her husband stepped lightly and spoke only in whispers as they looked around them. The place where they stood seemed to be in a manner sacred. Some strange and sad history they felt sure must be connected with it. They did not think of making any use of the boudoir, but felt, on the contrary, that they were intruders and ought not to have entered it; it seemed as if some one had left it unexpectedly, intending to return, and might appear again at any moment.

"'Straor'nary thing," Mr. Arrowsmith remarked as they quitted the room, without having laid their hands upon anything within it, except the piano, whose discordant and dirgelike tones still sounded in their ears. "Lock the door again, my dear; and take care of the key. The children

must not come in here, nor Sophia; don't let Sophia go in to 'tidy up,' as she would call it. Margaret will be here to-morrow; she will be interested beyond everything, and may be trusted to do what she likes with it."

Margaret arrived as expected, and the key was given into her charge; but it was a long time before her brothers and sisters would give her leisure to explore the mysteries of the forsaken chamber. The children followed her thither, and would have thronged in after her. They wanted her to play tunes upon the piano, and to show them all that was to be seen; but Margaret was not inclined to humour them. Her brothers laughed at her and said she was romantic and sentimental. Perhaps there was some ground of truth for that impeachment. Margaret wrote poetry; she was fond of reading, and had a tender, sympathising heart. Her father had been quite right in judging that she would be interested in the secrets of this little room. As soon as she could do so alone and unobserved she entered the boudoir, closing the door after her, and from that time forward took charge of the room and its contents, and would allow no one else to intrude. With a careful hand she wiped the accumulated dust from the books and ornaments, replacing everything exactly where she had found it. The dead plant she could not venture to touch, lest it should fall to pieces; but with that exception the room and all that it contained recovered from its sad and neglected appearance and looked comparatively cheerful. Margaret would stand looking at the pictures on the walls, and wondering what strange history might be connected with this mysterious chamber. Every other room in the house was but plainly though substantially furnished. This room, it was clear, had not been intended to be let with the rest, and Margaret resolved that the owner of the house, whoever he might be, should find on his return that the locked-up chamber, with its sad and touching associations, had been respected. She would take care that everything in it should be kept in good order, nothing being displaced or meddled with except for the necessary dusting and cleaning; and she kept the key in her own pocket, allowing no one to enter, except perhaps for a few moments, with due ceremony and reverence, under her own careful eye.

The weather was fine, the sea was calm, the sands at low water were delightful, and everything was pleasant and enjoyable. The Arrowsmith family spent the whole of each day out of doors, with the exception of Judith, who, though she already showed signs of improvement, was obliged to be more careful. Yet even she was able to sit for an hour or so by the margin of the sea, where the ripple came up almost to her feet, and to inhale the fresh salt breeze, which seemed like a cordial to her lungs as she opened her lips and drew in her breath. Mr. Arrowsmith himself felt so much better in health and spirits—though he had never complained of being unwell—that he had got to look upon the cost of this holiday as of little moment compared with the benefits they were deriving from it. It would save doctors'

bills, he argued. "In for a penny, in for a pound," he would say, magnificently, when the children asked him for twopence each to admit them to the pier. "In for a penny, in for a pound," again when it was a question of sixpence, or even a shilling for a sail in the Lively Nancy. Mrs. Arrowsmith and Judith, and as many more as could be compressed into a carriage, went for drives into the beautiful country near the coast. It was a glorious holiday, and Mr. Arrowsmith, in the effusion of his heart, resolved "not to spoil the ship for the sake of a lick of tar."

They met with one catastrophe, however, which damped their pleasure. Septimus, who had a taste for collecting curiosities, was in the habit of bringing home a basketful of fossils, as he called them, every time he went to the seashore, which Sophia was equally in the habit of throwing away again each night after Sep was gone to bed. Having one day picked up a round flint of especial value in his sight, he took it into the drawing-room for more careful preservation, and hid it in a corner of his own. There, unfortunately, Decimus found it, and began to play ball with it. A terrible smash followed, and Sophia, rushing upstairs, discovered little Decimus standing in the middle of the room, aghast, looking at the mischief he had done—that is to say, at the large pier-glass over the chimney-piece, which was broken into fragments. Sophia was scarcely less terrified than Decimus. It was not so much the cost of the wide sheet of plate-glass that disturbed her as the consequences which might be expected to follow.

"It's the most unluckiest thing as ever any one can do to break a looking-glass, if it's ever so small!" she gasped. "Whatever will happen to us now? There will be no more pleasure for none of us; nothing but misfortune; and the sooner we get away out of this house the better. Oh, Master Decimus! only to think what you have been and done! I hope nothing will happen to you, poor child!" she added in an undertone; "but of course it's them as has the accident as must expect to bear the consequences."

This occurred after they had been in the house about ten days, and just at the time when Paterfamilias was about to return to London. Without sharing Sophia's gloomy apprehensions, the breakage was a serious matter for Mr. Arrowsmith. The reality, the present cost, was calamity sufficient without anticipating any further results. He was angry with Septimus for bringing the stones upstairs, scolded little Decimus roundly, and snubbed Sophia. Then he took the measure of the glass, intending to order one at a cheap shop in London, and so make good the damage instead of leaving it to be appraised, at perhaps double the cost, by the house agent.

The next day he bade adieu to all his family, many of whom went to the railway station to see their father off. Poor little Decimus, feeling himself to be in disgrace, showed so much sorrow and contrition that Mr. Arrowsmith took him in his arms and caressed him more lavishly than the others, and so his tears were assuaged and the sunshine beamed again upon his face. His father also felt happier. "In for a penny, in for a pound," he said

once more; and with that he distributed sixpences to the elder ones among his followers and a penny each to the younger. Having seen him off, they all trooped back again, taking up the whole of the pavement, and talking together excitedly and loudly, while John Henry Arrowsmith went on his lonely way towards London. He soon began to feel dull and heavy-hearted as he thought of his dreary home at Peckham, where there would not be a creature to welcome him. A charwoman had been engaged to open the house and to "do for him." He did not like Mrs. Wrench, and there was no one else to look at or to speak to but her. Moreover, she was dismal in appearance, and so deaf that she could never understand what was said to her. He was to return the following Saturday, however, and stay another week or ten days, if possible, at Golden Terrace, and then they would all go home again together. He would only have five nights alone at Peckham. So he comforted himself. The thought of the broken glass still troubled him; and yet, strange to say, the sad and tearful face of little Decimus, usually so bright and joyful, haunted and grieved him even more. The child had been almost made happy again, but the father could not so easily get over it. He reproached himself for having been angry with the little fellow, and wished he could see him just once more to give him another hearty kiss, and to feel the little arms clinging closely and affectionately round his neck. Mr. Arrowsmith would not have confessed that he had any preference for either of his children, but Decimus was his youngest son—a loving, gentle child, and he could not help making a Benjamin of him; and everybody said it was no wonder.

CHAPTER IX.—A STRANGE VISITOR.

A STRANGE thing happened at Golden Terrace the day after Mr. Arrowsmith had returned to London.

The usual early dinner was over. Mrs. Arrowsmith had gone out alone upon an errand, connected, it was supposed, with a bonnet which had been bought the day before and had to be changed; and the children, armed with wooden spades and buckets, shrimp nets and sailing boats, sticks and baskets, were scampering up and down the stairs and mustering in the passage before sallying forth to spend the afternoon upon the sands, when a latch-key was heard to turn in the lock of the front door, the door itself opened, and an elderly gentleman, with a grave face and a long beard tinged with grey, stood in the entry.

The children gazed at him open-mouthed. The stranger seemed to be quite as much astonished as they were, and looked up at the number of the door as if to assure himself that he had not made a mistake. Then, as he fixed his eyes upon the large little family before him, darkness gathered visibly upon his brow; he opened his lips two or three times to speak, but seemed unable to find words; and the children, after regarding him for a second or two in silence, backed into the dining-

room, where Sister Margaret happened to be, and sent her forth to confront the intruder.

"What is the meaning of this?" the stranger asked, in an angry voice. "What are you all doing here?"

Margaret could only look at him, as her brothers and sisters had done, with surprise.

"What does it mean?" he repeated. "Who are you, and what is all this—rabble doing in my house?"

them to leave it on the instant, just as they were.

"I am very sorry," Margaret said; "there has been some misunderstanding. It must have been No. 7 after all that my father took. But No. 7 is occupied already. Where are we to go to?"

"I don't know," was the answer, in a tone which might have implied also I don't care. "There are other houses to be had. Where's your father? Let me speak to him."



"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?" THE STRANGER ASKED.

Margaret began to be alarmed.

"Is it your house?" she asked.

"Yes, certainly."

"I do not know who you are," she continued; "the landlord, I suppose? We—that is to say, my father, has taken the house at a rental—"

"Taken my house—from whom?"

"From Mr. Shouler."

"Shouler!" the stranger shouted. "Shouler! Who on earth is Shouler?"

"A friend of my father's; the agent let the house to Mr. Shouler, and he underlet it to us."

"Letting and underletting! What does it all mean? I have never let my house to anybody. I should as soon think of—of eating it. I have no agent, and I do not know anything about *Shouler*, or your father. I cannot understand the matter at all. How did you get in?"

"Mr. Shouler gave us a latch-key."

"Shouler again. Where is the key?"

"My father took it away in his pocket by mistake," said Margaret.

"Mistake indeed! it's all a mistake together, I think," he shouted. "I can only tell you again that this is my house, and that I never let it to *any one*. No one ever comes into it except myself. I cannot have it overrun in this way. You must go out at once."

And he held the door open, as if expecting

"He is gone back to London."

"Where's your mother, then?"

"She's gone out—to change—" Margaret did not finish the sentence.

"Is there nobody that I can talk to, no brother or—"

He was speaking now in subdued though harsh and angry tones, evidently trying to control himself until he could meet with some one of the sterner sex on whom to pour out his indignation.

"These are my brothers," Margaret said, pointing to a row of little ones in the passage, who looked almost as glum as the intruder himself, and were prepared to dig into him with their spades in Margaret's defence if the necessity should arise.

"Pooh!" he said; "tell them to go away. It is very annoying," he continued, when the children had been dismissed, "very annoying; you have not surely occupied *all* the rooms? You have not upset *everything*?"

Margaret thought with a thrill of terror of the broken looking-glass, the effect of which, with its shapeless fragments, was to give everything else in the room a disordered and distorted appearance. She was so alarmed that for a moment she could not speak.

"Have you and your children broken into every room in the house?" he asked again, his voice

shaking with anger or dismay as he repeated the question. He could hardly expect that, with so large a colony, any part of the dwelling could have escaped invasion.

"Yes," said Margaret, thinking of nothing but the looking-glass; "yes, I fear so."

"There was one room locked up," he exclaimed, fiercely, clasping his hands, and shivering like an aspen-tree. "Has any one dared to break into that?"

"It is locked up still," Margaret answered, with a feeling of relief.

"Has any one meddled with it?"

Margaret was again alarmed, and did not reply. She would have liked to explain how carefully she had guarded that room, leaving everything as she had found it, touching nothing except to cleanse it from its dust, but this man was too impatient to listen to her. She could not say that the room had not been entered or interfered with, and she almost feared that in his eyes even the dust which she had wiped away might be held sacred. He stood for a moment looking at her, his lips working with excitement. Was it anger or some more gentle emotion that disturbed him? Margaret had borne herself bravely up to this moment, but her courage now began to fail. Tears rose to her eyes, and when she again essayed to speak her voice was choked with sobs.

"Locked up still?" the stranger said presently, in more gentle tones. "Have you a key, then?"

Margaret took the key she had been using from her pocket, and gave it him.

"Don't distress yourself," he said. "Wait here a few minutes."

Then he left her, and went with quiet but hasty steps up the stairs. Margaret followed him at a little distance, and saw him turn the key in the lock. He entered the boudoir and closed the door after him. When he again appeared, after the lapse of about half an hour, Margaret was on the watch for him, but kept out of sight till he should call for her. She was afraid of him, and heartily wished that her mother would return; but to order a bonnet, and still more to change one and select another, was, as she knew, a very tedious process. She hoped the strange visitor would not want to see her again. She watched him descend the stairs and enter the front room, where, after a few minutes' delay, he rang the bell. Margaret had sent all the children away, and the house was quite quiet. Sophia, who had heard that a man had come to turn them all out of the house, rushed up from the kitchen to answer the bell, and to give the intruder a bit of her mind, but Margaret anticipated her, and, having sent her down again to the lower regions, answered the summons herself.

The stranger turned and looked at Margaret. At the sight of his pale, sad face, and the traces of tears upon his cheeks, she lost all her fear of him, and was filled with sympathy and pity. His manner now was quiet and gentle, and his eyes rested kindly upon Margaret's face as he approached and held out his hand to her.

"Well," he said, "what is to be done?"

"My mother will be here soon, very soon, I

hope," she answered. "Of course, we must leave the house as quickly as possible. We never would have intruded if we could have known that it was not the right house. We must go away at once—only—"

"Well?"

"My sister Judith is, unfortunately, ill. To-day she is in bed. I do not see how we can move her."

"Not seriously ill, I hope?"

"I hope not. She is rather delicate; it was chiefly on her account that we came here; and now she has taken cold."

"You seem to be a large family."

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Thirteen."

"All here!"

"No, only ten here."

"Only ten! But how can you find room for ten in this house?"

"Our own house at Peckham is smaller. I am very sorry we came here. The children are most of them young. I am afraid you will not like them any better on that account. But they are very good, and do no mischief—except—"

She thought of the broken glass again, coloured up to the eyes, and was silent.

"Except what must be expected from young children," he said, completing the sentence for her. "They cannot help doing damage, breaking glass, and so on."

"You object to children?"

"Object to them?"

Margaret did not understand the peculiar tone which accompanied those words. The speaker turned away as he uttered them, and went to the window, so that she could not note the expression of his face.

"Well," he said again, after a pause. "What is to be done? There, there, don't trouble yourself, my dear; don't distress yourself; there is nothing to fret about. You can stay here a day or two, if necessary. I'll look in again to-morrow, perhaps, and hear what the doctor says about your sister. By-the-by, who is your doctor?"

"We have not had one yet; we did not think it necessary, and should not have known whom to send for."

"There's a very good and clever man at No. 11. You had better send for him. Jones his name is, and I'll call to-morrow and hear what he says. And now, Miss—?"

"Arrowsmith."

"Miss Arrowsmith—what else?"

"Margaret."

"Margaret!"

He started, catching his breath, and turned away. After a few moments he came back, and laying his hand gently upon her head, let it rest there, as if unconsciously.

"Ah, well," he said presently, with a deep sigh. "You have a gentle heart, my dear. You have been very careful upstairs, so I will leave this key with you. Take care of it; don't let any one else have it; don't let any of the little ones—but I need not say that to you. You have been kind and careful, and you can stay a few days in the house,

"Margaret, if it suits you." Then without another word he turned and left her.

He was scarcely out of sight when Mrs. Arrowsmith returned.

"I have managed capitally about the bonnet," she said. "Why, Margaret, my dear, what is the matter? How is Judith?"

Margaret relieved her fears about Judith, and told what had happened.

"We must write to your father immediately," Mrs. Arrowsmith said, when she had heard the story, or so much of it as could be told, for Margaret felt it impossible to enter into all the details, or to convey any idea of the impressions she had herself received. "We must write to your father. We are not going to be turned out of the house in this way. We took it from Mr. Shouler, and have nothing to do with any one else. Who is this man, and where does he come from?"

"I don't know, indeed," Margaret replied.

"What is his name?"

"I did not ask."

"Where does he live?"

"Here, I suppose, when he is at home."

"Did you not question him thoroughly as to who and what he is?"

"No. I could not ask him any questions."

"Not ask questions? My dear Margaret, why not?"

"I did not think of it."

"How very forgetful of you, then. He may be an impostor. And you let him go into that room alone. He may have stolen everything that it contained."

"No, mamma, he is no thief and no impostor, but the owner of this house and all that is in it. He was angry at first, naturally, but very kind afterwards. He has had some great sorrow. I think I understand all about it. I cannot help feeling sorry for him."

"Sorry for him? and he is going to turn us out of our own hired house into the street!"

"I only wish I had had a chance of speaking to him," Sophia here broke in. She had been listening, and could no longer restrain herself. "I should have let him know my mind a good 'un; I'm a great mind now to run after him and give it him on the P'rade."

But Sophia was again suppressed, driven down the stairs, and shut up in the lower regions like the Genius of the "Arabian Nights" in his copper pot; and after a time Margaret was able to tell her story more fully. Mrs. Arrowsmith was then convinced that there had been a mistake somewhere, and that she and her family were not the only persons who had reason to complain. It was Mr. Shouler's fault, she said, and Mr. Shouler ought to be made responsible; and it was a pity John Henry had been in such haste to take the house from him without writing to make inquiries; it never answered to do things in a hurry.

On going upstairs they found that Judith, who had been excited and disturbed by Sophia's graphic report of all that had taken place, was so much worse and so feverish that Mrs. Arrowsmith could no longer defer sending for Mr. Jones.

"It was kind of—the gentleman whose name you did not ask, Margaret," she said—"it was kind of him to recommend a doctor; though perhaps Mr. Jones may be his son or brother and his charges may be high. Still, one feels so helpless in a strange place, that it is a good thing to know whom to send for. I hope his charges will not be very extravagant. And I wonder how much we shall have to pay for this house and for the looking-glass. Dear me! I am afraid it will be a great deal; we are quite at his mercy!"

"He won't charge any more on that account," said Margaret; "he will be generous, I am sure."

"Ah, but No. 7 was to have been half price; we should never have come here except at half price. Dear, dear! what will your father say? But he ought to have inquired more particularly before taking it from Shouler. What did the gentleman say about the looking-glass, Margaret?"

"Nothing, mamma."

"Did he see it?"

"Yes, I think he must have seen it, for the drawing-room door was open, and he passed it twice."

"And he did not say anything?"

"No, mamma, he did not complain."

"Then it is not really his house after all, you may depend upon it," her mother answered.

"He must be an impostor."

CHAPTER X.—"I ONLY WISH—"

WE must return now for a short time to young John Arrowsmith at Liverpool. Although he had got his foot planted in the establishment of Messrs. Walrus, Dugong, and Co., and had resolved to keep it there, he did not find himself upon the same footing as his cousins. Tom was a son and future partner, and could do pretty much as he pleased in the office; and "Gus" was Tom's friend and his aunt's favourite, and took liberties accordingly. Mrs. Walrus's representations had so far prevailed with her husband as to cause John to be employed chiefly in the warehouse in an inferior capacity; while his two cousins had a room to themselves when they chose to use it, next to that occupied by the head of the firm and quite as comfortable in every way. John had to look after the warehousemen, the porters, and the outdoor business, and to go about collecting accounts or carrying messages—doing many things, in fact, which his cousins would have considered altogether beneath their dignity. They kept him at a distance, ignored the relationship of which he had been disposed to think so much, and had very little to say to him.

John Arrowsmith had some difficulty in finding a lodging suitable to his means. There were plenty of apartments to be had in the genteel suburbs of the town and in the neighbourhood of the villa residence; but the rents were extravagantly high, or seemed so to our friend; and if he turned to poorer quarters there was a want of fresh air and cleanliness in most of the rooms to

which he could not reconcile himself. He did not care how humble his lodgings might be, how hard his bed or how simple his board; but he shrank from the coarseness and squalor which prevailed in the little courts and alleys where alone cheap rooms were to be had.

Turning into a little street, one end of which opened upon one of the quays, and which seemed more promising than some of those which he had previously explored, a child ran up to John, and greeting him with a smile, as an old acquaintance, led the way to a door which stood open, calling out, "Mother, mother, here's the gentleman what was in the train; the gentleman what made the pigs for us out of the orange peel!"

Mrs. Manifold appeared the next instant, smiling pleasantly. "Lawk!" she said, "I am glad to see you; but how did you find us out?"

"A mere accident," John answered. "I was looking for lodgings, and turned in here by chance."

"Lodgings! I wish I could take you in myself; but there's so many of us. You don't object to children, though, I know."

"Not at all," said John, with a feeling of homesickness as he thought of the large little family at Peckham.

"The elder ones are at school all day; perhaps we could manage, if you would not be above sitting yourself down in such a place as ours."

"I don't want any better place," said John.

Both the street and the house were superior to many which he had previously inspected, and comparatively clean and airy. John could see his face in the copper warming-pan which hung in the front room almost as well as in any of Mrs. Walrus's mirrors, and the walls were adorned with tea-trays, saucepan-lids, and other objects scarcely less ornamental in their brightness, and a great deal more useful than the various *objets de vertu* with which the drawing-room at the villa residence was adorned. A good room on the first floor, which he could use both as sitting-room and bedroom, was found to be available, and the front room downstairs, with the warming-pan, etc., as described, was at his service for receiving visitors, for meals on Sundays, and for other state occasions. The deal tables there were as white as scrubbing could make them; the chairs were well polished and substantial enough to be secure against all risk of being knocked over; and the tiles on the floor were "as clean as you might eat your dinner off them," as Mrs. Manifold used to say with pride. Prospect Row was the name of the place, and, on the whole, John Arrowsmith greatly preferred it to Prospect Villa. He brought his portmanteau there, or rather the late Mr. Ferdinand Skerry's (in happy ignorance that Mrs. Walrus had inspected its contents and made a mental inventory of them), and, having tied the cigars, the brandy-flask, the ivory brushes, and other articles together, put them out of sight. His own wardrobe was reduced by the unfortunate exchange to the scantiest proportions; but he did not intend to make use of things that did not belong to him if he could possibly do without them, and took every means that he could think

of to enable Mr. Skerry to claim his own whenever he should return to England.

John was invited two or three times to dine at Prospect Villa on Sundays, but he only went once, for Mrs. Walrus's way of spending Sunday was not at all like what he had been used to at home. There was nothing to be done all the afternoon; the young men walked about the garden smoking and conversing, or reclined upon easy-chairs reading novels and complaining of the general slowness. They had very little to say to John, and Emily was kept out of sight somewhere, so John had no one to speak to except Miss Dugong. At seven o'clock, when the church bells were ringing, there was an elaborate, stuffy dinner, with a guest or two besides John to partake of it; and then more smoking; and later in the evening a sound very like the rattling of billiard balls made itself heard in the distance. Mr. and Mrs. Walrus had been to church in the morning, and had done their duty, and Tom and Gus ought to have gone with them but were not in time, and "did not like going to church late," they said, which would have been equally true if they had omitted the last word of the sentence. Mrs. Walrus was condescending but distant in her manner with John, and invited him to come again if he liked, and was very much offended when he excused himself. "Young men did not know on which side their bread was buttered in these days," she said. "Mr. Arrowsmith was that mild you would suppose that the butter would not melt in his mouth, but she knew his habits. Prospect Villa was too quiet and respectable for him," she supposed, "with his packs of cards and cigars and all the other sly contents of his portmanteau." Mr. Walrus was sorry to hear her talk so. John was very steady and attentive to his duties at the warehouse, he would say. But his wife's remarks were not without their effect upon him, and he had not the same confidence in his nephew as he might have had under more favourable circumstances.

John Arrowsmith had been established in Prospect Row already several weeks when his Cousin Tom met him by accident somewhere in the neighbourhood and stopped to speak to him. Tom was always more disposed to be friendly when Gus was not with him. John had rather a liking for Tom, and fancied he could have got on very well with him if it had not been for Gus. Gus was "a swell," and Gus set the fashion. Gus was supposed to know what was what. His father had run through a great deal of money, and had left his son destitute of everything except some very extravagant and stylish ideas. Mrs. Walrus considered her nephew quite an ornament in her establishment, though rather more costly than some of the other trifles with which the villa residence was furnished. He was accustomed to good "sussieety," however, and was a great help to her when she entertained. Gus could "converse" with *anybody*, and *everybody* thought him so *distingui*.

John Arrowsmith and his Cousin Tom were in the habit of meeting every day, and several times in the day, at the warehouse or office, but they

seldom exchanged a word except on business. Tom and Gus were generally together, and the latter never seemed to be aware of John's existence; he would fix his glass in his eye and look over him, or beyond him, or through him, in the blankest and most unconscious manner; and Tom was too much under his swell cousin's influence to venture upon anything like familiarity with any one whom Gus was not disposed to patronise. But as the British tourist, meeting a compatriot in some out-of-the-way "foreign part," yields to the impulse of the moment and speaks to him without the ceremony of an introduction, so Tom Walrus, finding himself face to face with John Arrowsmith in an unknown quarter of Liverpool, and being at the moment unattended, halted suddenly, and exclaimed with surprise,

"Hallo! how do?"

He was already conscious of having made a mistake when John cordially returned his greeting, and grasping his hand gave him one of his friendly grips, which the other felt to be so hearty and so much in earnest, that, although it made him wince, yet, as a new sensation, he rather liked it.

"Where are you going?" he asked, by way of saying something.

"Home."

"Home?" he repeated, as if it were a new idea to him that John Arrowsmith could have any home to go to. "Home? Where is home?"

"Close by. Prospect Row."

"Prospect what?"

"Prospect Row; it is not like Prospect Villa, of course, except in name. There are a great variety of Prospects in Liverpool."

"Oh yes, by-the-by; I dare say; I only wish—"

He left the sentence unfinished and looked about him vacantly. John fancied his cousin was a little out of spirits or preoccupied. That might account for his civility. Some people, when they have anything weighing upon their minds, are glad to seek distraction anywhere. Anxiety, from whatever cause it may proceed, is a great leveller.

"Do anything of this kind?" Tom asked presently, offering his cousin a cigar.

"No, thank you."

Tom looked at him suspiciously, uttered a kind of grunt, and lighted a cigar for himself, and they strolled on together in silence.

Presently they reached the end of the little street or row in which John's lodging was situated. Tom noticed the name painted up—Prospect Row.

"I say," he exclaimed, stopping suddenly. "You don't live here?"

"I do," said John.

"You don't mean to say—that you—er—hang out—er—"

"I do," said John, stoutly; "why not? Won't you come and—"

"Call? Well, I don't mind."

He looked round, to assure himself, perhaps, that Gus was nowhere in sight, and then said again,

"I don't mind, really."

"Don't do it unless you like," John said.

"Oh yes," Tom answered, "I'll call, now I'm here."

At the door two children rushed to meet John and caught hold of his legs. John was a favourite with Mrs. Manifold's offspring. He mended their playthings for them, and mended their own broken heads and knees when they fell down stairs. One of them grasped Tom's legs by mistake. Tom was annoyed at first, but after he had shaken him off, stood still and laughed. Then he followed John into the front room and sat down upon a windsor chair near the open window, which commanded, or rather connived at, a view of the river, sideways.

"Pon my word," said Tom, "I like the look of this. Shut the door, though; don't want all the kids. How did you find these—diggings?"

John told him.

"Shouldn't much mind living here myself," said Tom; "shouldn't indeed; it reminds me—" But there again he pulled himself up and stopped without saying what it reminded him of. "I only wish—" he added, and stopped again.

It was a warm day, and the air from the river as the tide flowed in was refreshing. Two or three ships were visible making their way towards the sea, towed by steam-tugs.

"I am so glad to see you," John said, in the fulness of his heart. Tom was the first visitor he had had yet, in the state-room.

"Thanks awfully," said Tom. "Worst of it is—worst of it is"—feeling in his breast-pocket—"haven't got any cards."

"Do you want some?" John asked.

"Why, of course I do—to leave, don't you know?"

"Oh, visiting cards; never mind about them. I thought you meant playing-cards; how foolish of me!"

"Playing cards? No, thank you; I'm sick of them; I have good reason to be. I only wish—"

Again he looked at John with something of suspicion.

"I wish there were no such things as cards," he said, after a pause, with more earnestness than the casual remark might have called for. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he smoked for some minutes in gloomy silence, scarcely listening to John, who was pointing out some of the advantages of his situation.

"Have you got such a thing as a glass of—water in the house?" Tom asked.

John understood what was wanted, but he had neither wine, nor spirits, nor beer. He could not afford such luxuries, and considered besides that he was better without them.

"Have some tea?" he said.

"Tea; I have almost forgotten the taste of it. Well, if it would not be inconvenient—"

John spoke a word to Mrs. Manifold in the back room, who rose at once to the occasion. In a very few minutes the best tea-tray, the best teapot, everything of the best that her house contained, were brought into use. Cream, new bread, fresh butter, shrimps, watercresses, were collected and laid out in the daintiest fashion in the white-and-gold china on the white damask tablecloth.

"I am sorry I have nothing better to offer you," John said, seeing that Tom, even in the face of these attractions, was still dull and out of spirits.

"Couldn't have anything better," Tom answered, rousing himself; "first-rate; quite a treat. I wish—" Again he stopped. What was he wishing for now? John wondered.

"You said you were a teetotaler, didn't you?" Tom remarked, after a pause.

"Not quite; practically, though."

"I wish I was."

"Why are you not, then?"

"Not so easy. It would not suit Gus. Champagne is his idea, and he expects me to pay for it; but Gus knows what's what. His people were great swells when they were alive, and Gus was brought up—something like. They let him do as he pleased. You see, he was an only son, like me. By-the-by, how are all your people? How many brothers and sisters have you?"

John recited their names and ages in due order.

"That all?" said Tom, when he had done. "Let's see, they are my cousins, I suppose; fancy eleven cousins!"

"I wish you knew them," John said; "and I wish I had their photographs to show you."

"Never mind, another time will do. I have got nobody belonging to me," he continued, gloomily, "except Emily."

"Oh yes—Emily."

"I shall be able to tell Emily all about you now. She often asks how you are getting on, and why you don't come to dinner on Sundays—why don't you?—and whether you are comfortable in your lodgings. Of course I couldn't tell her, because I did not know, you know. Prospect Row! I shouldn't mind living here myself; there's a much better view than we have from our windows at the villa. And one can sit and smoke without going out of the room into a little poky place near the coal-hole kept on purpose; and we don't get such tea as this at home—it's always half cold."

Tom Walrus seemed to be in no hurry to leave such pleasant quarters, and he and John grew very intimate and cousinly. John could not help saying again that he wished he had those photographs of his brothers and sisters which Mr. Skerry had taken away by mistake. And in that way he was led to tell his cousin, in confidence, all about the exchange of portmanteaus.

Tom Walrus thought it over, then took the cigar from his lips, fixed his eyes upon John, and said at last, slowly, as if in a maze,

"Then those cigars were not yours?"

"Certainly not."

"And you don't smoke, *really*?"

"I don't. I told you so."

"And the brandy-flask—that was not yours?"

"No."

"And you don't drink?"

"I don't drink brandy."

"And the playing-cards, and the ivory brushes, and all that—they did not belong to you?"

"Not one of them; but, I say, how did you find out about them?"

"How did I find out?" Tom replied, taken aback. "Oh, somebody saw them in the portmanteau, and told me. But, I say, old fellow, I am so glad you have explained."

"Why?"

"Because—because, you know, Gus said, and everybody thought—there's no harm in a weed, you know—but we all thought it was such a humbug, saying you didn't smoke, or drink, or play cards, and all that, and having a portmanteau chock full of cigars and spirits and all that. Shake hands, do; I beg your pardon, old fellow. I always thought I should like you if you had not been such a humbug—you know what I mean—and I only wish—" This time also the wish was not to be expressed. "But, I say, Arrowsmith—John, old fellow, why—why didn't you tell us all about it?"

John gave his reasons.

"You had better not mention it," he added; "it was a careless thing to do, and it has all blown over now. Let it rest."

"I'll tell Emily, at all events; she will be glad, though she never believed what Gus—what anybody—said about it. And now I think I must toddle. I am so glad, you know, that it was not your portmanteau; and I only wish—"

John put on his hat, and prepared to toddle with him. Three of the children were playing in the passage.

"Here you, what's your name?" Tom asked one of them.

"Lujah, sir."

"Elijah, he means," said John.

"Here, Lujah, here's a shilling for you to buy sugarsticks. Give all the brothers and sisters a bit."

Lujah could hardly believe his senses. His mother appeared in the distance, looking after Tom, and smiling her thanks.

"I like this place," said Tom, recovering his spirits.

A poor blind man was at the corner of the street. Tom gave him half-a-crown. The man thanked him, supposing it to be a penny.

"It's half-a-crown," said John; "take care of it."

The man fairly jumped with astonishment and pleasure, and invoked many blessings on the giver's head.

"Yes," said Tom, as he walked quickly away, "I like this place immensely. The fresh air has done me a world of good. I only wish—"

After that Tom Walrus came several times to see John, and on one occasion brought Augustus Sealey with him. The latter was condescending and facetious. He looked at himself in the warming-pan, and put the ashes of his cigar inside it; he insisted on tasting Mr. Skerry's brandy, which he sipped while the others had tea; finally, he borrowed a sovereign from John, almost the only one he had, with the air of one who confers a favour, promising to give it him again next morning if he would be sure to remind him of it. He repaid it in course of time, and borrowed again, more than once; but John was never admitted to anything like familiarity on other occa-

sions. Business is business, and people must keep their places, according to Mr. Augustus's idea. Tom Walrus remained more or less under his cousins' influence when at the warehouse, but he and John often met at other times, and grew very friendly and intimate.

CHAPTER XL.—PECKHAM AGAIN, AND A PECK OF TROUBLES.

JOHN HENRY ARROWSMITH, sitting alone in his little parlour at Hungerford Place, Peckham, after his return from Hastings, with only the charwoman, Mrs. Wrench, in her widow's weeds, to wait upon him, felt not a little depressed. Mr. Arrowsmith had a particular objection to widow's weeds. He would not have liked to see his own wife in widow's weeds, though she, of course, would have looked well in anything. Mrs. Wrench's weeds were limp, faded, and draggled, and had no parallel among the weeds of nature, which, however rank and worthless, are generally fresh and vigorous in their appearance. Even if the crape had been a wholesome black, as perhaps it once was, the garments could not properly have been called weeds, for with the exception of the black spot upon the bean-flower there is no such thing as black, real black, botanists tell us, upon any known plant or flower, either of the field or garden. "Nature," it has been said, "abhors a vacuum," and black is a vacuum of colour—the absence of all colour. To call Mrs. Wrench's garments weeds, therefore, was a libel upon nature, and, even if it had not been so, Mr. Arrowsmith would rather have had her to wait upon him clad in any other kind of weeds, like a rural or river deity, than in those which she affected. He was dull and out of spirits, and this, among other trifles, helped to worry and annoy him. He missed the sound of children's feet upon the stairs, the prattling of their lips, and the bustling to and fro to which he was accustomed, and of which he had not unfrequently complained. He could not but contrast the loneliness of the week now begun with the happiness of the week past. He had spent the time so pleasantly at Hastings. He had not only "enjoyed himself," as the expression is, in his own person, but had felt a happiness hitherto almost unknown, in having the children about him, all in such excellent spirits, in a continual ecstasy of delight, drinking in health and pleasure each day, from morn till dewy eve, and looking forward to another fortnight or three weeks of the same enjoyment, beyond which it was not in the nature of children to anticipate at all.

Even poor Judith had gained strength, and was likely to return home very much improved by her visit; in fact they were all of them the better for it in every way, and if the sea air had done so much for them in a week, what might it not accomplish for them by the end of their month? Well, they were there still, reaping the benefit; and he must make the best of it alone for ten days or a fortnight at Hungerford Place; and then he would be able to run down and spend another

blessed week with them and bring them all back again to Peckham. Peckham was not like Hastings; but it was home, and not such a bad place when some of them were at home with him. He had had too many of them sometimes, and had complained of overcrowding and noise; but now he would have been glad of their company, and the unaccustomed silence was painful.

Mr. Arrowsmith could not help thinking also, while thus depressed, of the serious expenses to which he was committed. "In for a penny, in for a pound," was all very well in the exhilarating atmosphere of the seaside; but it seemed but a rash and foolish maxim in the solitude of Hungerford Place. The money had gone very fast at Hastings; and there would be that looking-glass to pay for. He must see Shouler and pay the week's rent, too; but that was not much for such a house and such a holiday. On the whole he had been very fortunate. John was provided for, and Margaret had a good situation as governess, and Alfred would probably get in with his brother at Walrus's. There was nothing to be anxious about. He should be able to make both ends meet at the end of the year, no doubt.

While he was thus musing at breakfast-time, two days after his return from Hastings, eating his morsel alone and trying to take a cheerful view of things in general and of his own prospects in particular, the postman's knock was heard at the door—(why will they knock so fiercely at the little thin doors of little houses, where the knocker is within a yard or two of everybody's ears upstairs or down?)—and Mrs. Wrench brought him three letters, holding them by the corners in her dingy apron, under which her equally dingy fingers were concealed. One was from Hastings, another from Liverpool; the third was addressed to "Miss Arrowsmith, to be forwarded." He opened his son's letter first, anticipating the usual gratifying account of his affairs. But his countenance fell, and the blood mounted to his forehead as he read it. It began thus:

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I am afraid this letter will distress you, but I hope you will not think that I have done anything hasty or wrong. It would take a long time to explain everything, especially as I do not understand, myself, all that has happened, or why I have been so unjustly treated. I told you in my former letters that Tom Walrus had been to see me at my lodgings, and had been much more friendly than he used to be when first I came here. I do not blame Tom for what has happened. I like Tom very much, and believe he is a good-hearted fellow, though weak and easily led away. He is not here now; he has been away for some days. If he had been here I don't think anything of the kind I am going to describe would have occurred. It is very unfortunate for me, his being away from home."

"What *has* happened?" Mr. Arrowsmith exclaimed, impatiently, glancing down the letter, which filled eight pages closely written.

"Is it possible? what? left the office—thrown up his situation; he must be mad!"

Mr. Arrowsmith pushed away his breakfast unfinished and read the letter through from

beginning to end. We are not going to inflict eight pages upon the reader; the events detailed in the letter were, briefly, as follows.

A question had arisen between the cashier and John about some money which he had collected, but which did not appear to have been paid in. John did not deny that the money had passed through his hands; but he had given it to Augustus by his desire, and with the knowledge and consent of his Cousin Tom. True, he had received a general order, when he first entered the warehouse, to pay all moneys into the hands of the cashier only. But Tom, the son of the firm, and Augustus, the nephew, both of them in a higher position than himself, had frequently taken money from him upon their own authority, and John had not supposed that he was doing wrong in letting them have it. But now a large sum was missing. Tom was away from home, and Augustus denied all knowledge of it; and the end of it was that John, being called to account, and treated with suspicion by the cashier as if he had been guilty of embezzlement, suffered his temper to get the better of him, and after an indignant remonstrance bounced out of the office, the doors of which were closed against him from that hour.

But he had not been two minutes in the street before his wonted boast occurred to him—he had got his foot in the great house of business and meant to keep it there. Now his foot was out again, and he had only his own hasty temper to thank for it. It was hard indeed to be treated as a defaulter and charged with dishonesty; but he might have been more temperate, he might have waited, he might even have borne the stigma for a while, trusting that time would bring the truth to light. In point of fact, he had not done prudently with the money committed to him; he ought not to have parted with it to any one but the cashier. His want of experience and his desire to be on good terms with his cousins, and especially with Tom, had led him astray; and now he had made the matter worse and had ruined his prospects by his impatience under suspicion and reproof.

"I hope you will not think I have been too hasty," he said again, at the conclusion of his letter. "I could not stand it when Mr. Checketts treated me as if I were a thief, and Mr. Walrus sat still and listened to him without saying a word, as if he believed it. I shall be able to explain everything when I see you. I am very sorry. I am trying to find another situation, but I have no one to refer to for a character. I have no money, and if you can send me ever so little I shall be much obliged and will make it go as far as I possibly can."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Arrowsmith. "How mortifying, how annoying, how disappointing! Now I shall have John upon my hands again, and in disgrace! Of course it is not his fault; but how is any one to know that? Just when I have so many expenses, too!"

Mr. Arrowsmith sighed and moaned within himself. He could not help sympathising with his son under the stigma of a false and disgraceful accusation; but he was vexed with him at the

same time for having so hastily thrown up his situation. He was moodily brushing his hat before going away to business, when his eye fell upon the other letters, which he had almost forgotten. He opened one of them and read:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND,—A *strange thing* has occurred. We seem to have made a *great mistake* in coming here. This house, it appears, is *not the right one*. It belongs to a gentleman who happened to be away when we arrived; and the latch-key which we had happened to fit it. He was *very angry* at finding us here; and I don't know *how much* rent we shall have to pay for it; anything he likes to ask, I suppose, *besides damages*. We ought to have gone to No. 7. But that had been let again. I suppose Mr. Shouler did not know it. If *he did know* it he ought to have told us, and not let us come here to get into *such trouble*. You must come down again *at once*. I do not think the owner of the house will turn us out into the street *for a day or two*, if he is really the owner, and not an impostor, of which I have my doubts; but no one could blame him if he did; and I am afraid to think what he may demand for rent—and breakages. And that is *not the worst*. Poor Judith was so much upset by what has happened that she has caught a *fresh chill*, and Mr. Jones evidently thinks her *very ill indeed*. Mr. Jones is the doctor, whom we were *obliged* to send for, as I *could not* see the poor child so ill without having proper medical advice for her; he *lives* in this terrace, but came here *in his brougham with a servant in livery*, and I am afraid he will be *very expensive*. Do come as soon as you possibly can and say what we are to do.

"P.S. There is a *cold east wind* to-day, and Mr. Jones says poor dear Judith *must* have a little fire in her room; but the chimney *smokes* so that it is quite *impossible*. Mr. Jones says the house has not been occupied *for a year or more*, and must be *very damp*. He wonders we have not all caught our *deaths*.

"P.S. Poor little Decimus is complaining of a headache to-day and is *giddy*. It is so unlike him. I do hope he is not going to be ill also in this *strange house*."

Before John Henry Arrowsmith could at all recover from the shock of these communications, the clock striking nine reminded him that it was high time for him to hurry off to the City. He thrust the letter for Margaret hastily into his pocket, and scarcely knowing what he was about stopped the first omnibus that passed and got into it. Although he had a sort of travelling acquaintance with several of its occupants, he took no notice of any one, but sat in a state of moody perplexity, wondering what was to be the end of all these troubles. Margaret's letter was still unread. The post-mark showed that it was from Waltham, where the family with whom she was engaged as governess resided. Mr. Arrowsmith had no hesitation in opening it; or if he hesitated, it was only because he apprehended some new misfortune. He broke the seal, however, and read. Margaret's little pupil was unwell; she had always been delicate, and now the doctors (those

dreadful doctors!) had prescribed a long holiday for her. She had been overworked (children, and grown-up people also, are so easily overworked in these days), and must discontinue her studies for an indefinite time. Under these circumstances Mrs. MacPhear was very sorry, but Miss Arrowsmith's services would not be any longer required, and she must consider herself at liberty to accept another situation, which Mrs. MacPhear had no doubt she would very easily obtain.

So then Margaret also was dismissed! Margaret would have holiday enough now. Situations were not so easily to be had, as Mr. Arrowsmith knew only too well. He would have both John and Margaret and the whole eleven upon his hands again, and just at the time when he found himself overwhelmed with expenses which he could not control, and knew not how to meet.

"Hallo, Arrowsmith," said a passenger, who entered the 'bus and sat down opposite to him. "You seem to be in a brown study this morning."

Mr. Arrowsmith looked up and saw Shouler.

"What, you have got back from Hastings, then, have you?" Mr. Shouler said. "How did you get on?"

"I suppose you know all about it," Mr. Arrowsmith answered, crossly.

"About No. 7? Yes. I am afraid you may have had some trouble. The agent wrote to me to say he had found a tenant for it, and had let it, but you were gone before I had his letter. How did you manage? There were plenty of other houses vacant, fortunately."

"You have got me into a sad scrape—put me to great expense—I don't know what will be the end of it!"

"I am very sorry."

"So am I."

"Don't be angry with me. I could not help it, could I?"

"You should not have let the house to two people at the same time."

"It was the agent's doing, not mine."

Mr. Arrowsmith did not carry on the altercation. It would do no good. In his own mind he held Mr. Shouler responsible for all the misfortunes which were crowding upon him. One trouble brings another on; evils never come singly. If Shouler had not deceived him about the house there would have been no beginning of these woes, and now there seemed to be no end to them; that was how he felt rather than thought.

Mr. Arrowsmith had not much time to spare for his own affairs in the counting-house that day. Grindall and Co.'s idea of a holiday and a rest for their manager amounted to little more than a postponement and consequent accumulation of work, a push beforehand to anticipate business, and a scramble afterwards to overtake it. Moreover, Grindall and Co. were both of them absent on their own account, enjoying themselves somewhere, depending upon the punctuality of their manager; and Mr. Arrowsmith could not leave the office again, even for a day, till he had seen them. Besides, he argued, what good would it do? If Judith was too ill to be moved,

he had better wait till he could bring her home with him, and get the house in Hungerford Place ready and comfortable for her in the meantime. It was all in confusion with Mrs. Wrench's cleaning. He wrote to his wife, therefore, telling her to do the best she could, and promising to run down and bring them all up to town again as soon as she should send him a more favourable account of Judith, and of Decimus also, who he trusted was well again by that time—though he was almost afraid to inquire. He told her about John and Margaret, and said he did not know what was to be done, he was sure. "It was very unfortunate." No doubt Mrs. Arrowsmith could have told him that.

He went back at night to his dreary house at Peckham, his sole thought being to get his family home again as soon as possible, and so to put an end to the expenses, which he feared must be running up at a fearful rate, altogether beyond his means, at Hastings. He took a latch-key from his pocket and tried it in the door; it would not fit. Bah! It was the key which he had brought with him by mistake from Golden Terrace. The very sight of it stirred up a tremor in his breast. The proper key also was in his pocket, and he opened the door with it. The house was silent and desolate, but hot and stuffy. The windows were all closed to keep the dust out—and in. He had expected to find the tea laid for him in the parlour, but Mrs. Wrench had omitted to make any preparations, and was perhaps gone to her own home. He called her, but she did not answer him. He knocked a postman's knock. He went upstairs and looked into the little rooms from which the cribs and bedding had been removed, and longed to see them back again and occupied as before, though where John and Margaret were to be bestowed he could not imagine. The places they had once occupied seemed to have been filled up by a natural process of expansion after their departure, and it would be next to impossible to get them in again. He looked at the long line of pegs in the passage, upon which hats and caps of all shapes and sizes had been wont to hang, and hoped, though not without some misgivings, that he might see them hanging there again ere long. His eyes lingered even upon the floor where the boots and shoes had been ranged in extended order, as if the house had been a dwelling for centipedes instead of two-legged animals without feathers, and sighed as he looked at the vacant space. If he could only have the whole family at home again, safe and sound, with Mrs. Wrench out of it, and no more rent to pay at goodness only knew how much a week, he could be resigned.

At the door of one of the bedrooms Mrs. Wrench met him, looking more draggled and dusty than ever. She dropped a curtsey, which was very unusual with her, and a tear, which was not so uncommon, and, closing the door behind her, said, with an air of great concern, she was very sorry; she could not help it; it was not her fault; it was a very bad job for the child, and for her, and for everybody; she did not know how he had got it, she was sure.

"What child are you speaking of?" Mr. Arrow-smith asked.

"My own child, sir; my little boy; the only son of a widow," and she fingered her weeds.

"Well?"

"No, sir; he's not well; he's very bad."

"I am sorry."

"Yes, sir, I knew you would be; but I thought it right to tell you."

"You will want to go home and nurse him, then?" Mr. Arrowsmith said.

Though pitying the poor woman's distress, yet it cannot be denied that a little ray of cheerfulness fell upon him at the thought of being relieved of Mrs. Wrench and her weeds. But she shook her head and wept, and answered, "No."

"Why, where is he?"

"In there, sir," she moaned forth. "I was forced to do it; I couldn't help bringing of him here to see to him a bit while I was a dustin' and a doin'; and when he was took badly I just let him lie down upon the bed, and there he is."

Mr. Arrowsmith entered the room. There lay the poor little boy, red and panting, between the blankets upon one of the children's beds.

"Has any one seen him?" he asked.

"Sir?"

"Have you had a doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does he say about him?"

"Says he's got a fever, sir."

"A fever! what fever?"

"Don't know what sort. A fever," she said.

"Is it infectious?" Mr. Arrowsmith asked, with a new fear at his heart.

"Insects? No!"

"Is it catching?" he shouted.

"Caterpillars?"

Mr. Arrowsmith wrung his hands.

"It's something that's going about," Mrs. Wrench said, dubiously, as if she thought it might possibly be caterpillars.

Mr. Arrowsmith had heard of one or two cases of scarlet fever in the neighbourhood, and jumped at once to the conclusion to which his own fears pointed. But whatever the nature of the fever from which this child was suffering, he felt at once that he could not bring his own children back to the house. It was doubtful even whether he himself could go to them. He had stood by the bed-

side breathing an infected atmosphere, and felt himself already separated from all whom he held dear by an endless quarantine. And what if he, Paterfamilias, the trunk from whom so many branches depended, should be cut down or even incapacitated for a season! He hastened from the room, stumbling as he went, tottered along the passage, opened the street door, and went forth, letting it slam behind him. For a moment he stood still, dazed and drooping, not knowing which way to turn or where to seek for shelter. Then his trembling knees yielded under him, and he sat down, faint and clammy, on the doorstep in the street.

He was aroused by the sudden appearance of a telegraph boy, who begged him to move aside that he might knock at his door. The telegram was for himself, and he opened it. He was wanted immediately at No. 17, Golden Terrace. Decimus was very ill, and he must come directly.

This new trouble drove all other cares for the moment from his mind. It was late; the telegram had been delayed by some cause or other. It was doubtful whether he would be able to get down to Hastings that night; but he rose up at once, and without again entering his house got upon the outside of an omnibus and went to London Bridge.

The last train for Hastings was gone. There was a train at a later hour for Tunbridge Wells. He employed the interval in writing to Messrs. Grindall, explaining by what unfortunate circumstances he was compelled to absent himself from the counting-house, and then took his ticket and his place, and went his way as far as that train would carry him.

From Tunbridge Wells he proceeded on foot, scarcely halting for a moment, towards Hastings. The early morning air was fresh and cool, but he walked with his coat and waistcoat open to meet it, that the wind blowing through his garments might purify them from any possible infection which they might have contracted, and at the same time cool the feverish excitement of his own nerves. Arrived nearly within sight of his destination, he made a hasty breakfast at a roadside inn, and then walked on again more slowly to the town. He bathed in the sea as a final precaution, and then turned his steps with fear and trembling towards the house in Golden Terrace.





GRANDMOTHER'S LOVE-LETTER.

"From age to age one story runs, retold
In changeful accents."

AMERICAN LAKES AND CANADIAN RIVERS.

THERE are many standpoints whence to view the grandeur of Niagara—the Canadian shore, the shady recesses of Goat and Luna Islands in the midst of the cataracts, or from that aerial cobweb, the International Suspension Bridge, opposite them—each with its special features of interest. But the Falls, in order to comprehend their origin and full meaning, should be approached from the west, say from Lake Erie, the smallest of the four vast inland seas draining the great North-West. Thence the Niagara river streams in a broad outflow for some miles, until its rocky bed narrows suddenly, then its grey waters rush onwards in tumultuous rapids a full mile before taking their final leaps.

With this purpose in view we left Niagara village for Buffalo on Lake Erie, twenty-two miles distant by the New York Central, which runs through a belt of flat rich country, well tilled and fertile on the American bank of the river. The fruit farms of Niagara county are famed for their products and yield, and the round-topped peach-trees, standing in rows in the midst of the tall ripening grain, had a very pretty effect. Buffalo, thriving and populous, with spacious, well laid-out parks, worthy of a European capital, approached through long avenues of fine elms and wealthy residences, is one of the many astonishing secondary cities of the United States. Its winter climate is peculiarly rigorous, ice-laden winds blowing over the frozen expanse of ninety miles of fresh water, which in summer sparkles and ripples—a sea of silver beneath a cloudless sky of deepest blue. For some time after issuing from the north-eastern end of the lake the Niagara river streams broadly on almost as placidly as a canal and on a level with the surrounding flats, until Grand Island separates it into two lake-like expanses. At Goat Island, its again divided channel, a broad line of tumultuous foaming grey water surges wildly on until at last it glides smoothly over the ever-receding rocky ledge in the glassy green wave of the smaller or American cataract, a splendid *outward* curve a thousand feet across. Owing to a turn in the river bed, here over three thousand feet wide, it half faces the Horseshoe, or larger Canadian fall, a glorious *inward* curve of rushing foam-fringed green water, above which a wind-tossed cloud of incense-like spray floats and drifts in ever-varying form. Beautiful alike in sunshine or cloud, by the light of the moon, and, to be truthful, by that of electricity also, the Falls are always fresh and invigorating, and their indescribable fascination grows with looking; the longer you linger the more difficult it becomes to turn away.

Goat and Luna Islands, less invaded by touters and hackmen, lie in the very midst of the tumult of rainbow-hued waters, and the views thence of the Falls and rapids are not marred by that shoreline with its objectionable background of hotels and factories which vexes the eye from other standpoints. Beyond, the graceful International

Bridge lightly spans the deep gorge confining the spent yet eddying current of foam-specked blue water. Below the bridge the river bed narrows considerably, and is shut in by precipitous cliffs of grey shale, which are relieved with foliage, and, cut in the soft Niagara shale and limestone of Upper Silurian age, corresponding closely with our Wenlock strata. Out-cropping at Niagara, it stretches in an underground platform westward to the Mississippi and lies deep down under the city of St. Louis.

The gorge is one of the most beautiful and interesting features of Niagara, for it records the slow retrogression of the Falls from the shores of Lake Ontario, now seven miles below them. It was cut back inch by inch and foot by foot by the ceaselessly falling waters ever streaming onwards in a mighty volume, and abrading in their passage the rocky ledges over which they seem to glide so smoothly—a work of slow erosion which has continued daily and may still continue until all the rapids are absorbed by the receding cataracts, and the river finally falls straight out of Lake Erie, as it once did (in ages long past, according to Lyell's computation) into Lake Ontario.

To-day the rapids—rushing, seething volumes of foaming grey waters, eddying onwards with resistless force, and shaking the frail bridges linking the three small sister islets with what is left of Goat Island—are even more beautiful than the Falls. The current runs most swiftly near the Canadian shore, which yields thereabout the interesting phenomenon of a burning spring, whose waters, charged highly with sulphuretted hydrogen gas, flare up with a brilliant blue flame when ignited. On the American side the view from a platform built out among the wildest rapids is weirdly fascinating and grand. But close by a stranded log bears the ugly legend, "Go east by the Erie River Railroad," a piece of vandalism of which the directors should be ashamed, and one that ought to induce most people rather to "go east" by any other road. The foliage of Prospect Park, purchased by the American Government, forms a more pleasing background to the American fall. Within its enclosures excursionists gather and picnickers rejoice in a band, dancing, and an artificial water display in proximity to Niagara! But the illuminated fountains and coloured lights are a great attraction as a *finale* to a day's outing. This display precedes the illumination of the Falls by the electric light, which, thrown across the gorge, bathes the torrent of spray in silver and the rapids beyond in liquid phosphorescence, casting mysterious shadows. After all, the daily excursionists do not seem more out of place than the overdressed loungers on the numerous hotel piazzas, who eat and drink, flirt, listen to the band, discuss the details of the weekly suicide over the Falls, turn their backs on the waterscape by day, and frequent the ball-rooms at night.

After several days of restful enjoyment of the many wonders of the waters, we left early by rail,

viâ Suspension Bridge, for Lewiston, the cars running along by the beautiful gorge and the whirlpool rapids on the American side. Just opposite the picturesque heights of Queenstown the steamer starts for Toronto, steaming down the blue waters of the Niagara river between the now widening bluffs of grey limestone. A fresh breeze was blowing across Lake Ontario, raising the choppy waves peculiar to these great shallow lakes, far more provocative of nausea than Atlantic rollers. There were numbers of plump, rosy Canadians on board, a different type of humanity, in some respects more English than the English or some Bostonians. They sang glees, and laughed and chatted among themselves, in strong contrast with the pale-faced, silent, and self-contained American fellow-passengers, who had the usual air of going on a penitential pilgrimage. We had but a glimpse of Toronto from the quays, as our state-rooms had been booked days ahead in the old tub the Corinthian, to which we were transferred. It proved greatly crowded, and the accommodation was very inferior—surly stewards, meals ill-served scrambles. People slept that night on the floors and on the saloon tables; and early in the morning, when we touched at Kingston, at the other end of the lake, others came aboard for passage of the islands and rapids of the St. Lawrence. Soon after we entered on the mighty broad flowing river, banked in with low bluffs of dark gneiss and schists of Laurentian age. Tall white beacon lighthouses marked the course as we threaded through the thousand and one islands and islets which stud the river for some miles. Some are bare rocks, but most clothed with grass, branching trees drooping gracefully over the water. Many are owned by private persons for summer residences or camping out, not so inviting a process here, if the brief season be always as chilly and damp as it was that year, differing widely from the perpetual sunshine and cloudless skies of the glorious West. But the air and trip must be enjoyable and invigorating to the worn-out citizens of the Eastern cities.

On some of these lovely islands the owner's flag was flying, and there was a grand parade of the garrison, who presented arms—boat-oars and fishing-rods, and occasionally saluted with musical honours, beaten on the homely frying-pan or saucepan. Running the rapids, crowded immovably together within an area of a few square yards at the bows of the high three-tiered vessel, was rather prosaic. Each belt of surging foam is visible long before it is reached at half speed on. Then steam is shut off, and, with three men at the wheel to keep her straight off the projecting rocks, the boat glides smoothly through them with a trembling, undulating, uncontrolled motion, momentarily exciting. The last of these turbulent descents in the river occurs nine miles above Montreal, at La Chine. As these are the longest and most dangerous rapids, an old Indian pilot guides the helm. The navigable channel is narrowest, current strongest, rocks more *en évidence*, and the pleasurable excitement prolonged. Then we passed large timber-rafts floating rapidly down stream, and under the stone piers of the Victoria

rail bridge, an ugly tubular trough of solid, ungraceful build, pierced here and there with ventilating portholes. We were soon alongside the massive wharves.

Montreal, with its solid and imposing banks and public buildings, so English-like, and the whitewashed unsubstantial houses, and green shutters of the narrow, cobble-paved, and dirty streets, quite French-looking, is a mongrel city. Priests, nuns, and blue-bloused peasants in clattering sabots, predominate among the living, and French heroes in bronze adorn the public squares. Near the vegetable and fish markets, under the old town hall, one is transported to France in a moment, amid the old market-women in frilled caps, who sit working at their lace pillows, and belaud their wares in a curious *patois*. The Roman Catholic churches have a completely old-world look, and are interiorly most tawdrily decorated. There was not a single decent railway station; all mere wooden structures, standing in a sea of mud. But the suburban districts are fine streets—wide, well-kept, and asphalted; planted with trees, and lined with handsome detached houses, their gardens well walled-in from the road. These are all in the neighbourhood of Mount Royal (or *Réal*), a conical hump of dark palæozoic rocks, which rises abruptly from the plain, the only considerable elevation in the vicinity. The wild and picturesque park on its summit affords an extensive and beautiful view of the valleys of the Upper and Lower St. Lawrence, the city nestling at the foot of the mountain, the Victoria Bridge in linked ugliness, long drawn out, uniting the two shores. St. Helens and Victoria Islands, pleasant green nooks, lie in mid-stream, and the mighty river, a broad, winding streak of silver, stretches far away on either side.

The well-arranged and instructive natural history collections connected with McGill College contain the historical specimens of the *Eozoon Canadense*, but as the discoverer, Dr. J. W. Dawson, was absent from the city, we could not enjoy the advantage of his explanations of the remarkable lowest organism, or mineral product—who shall determine when doctors differ?—so long the subject of such lively controversy. When the British Association meets in Montreal in 1884 the University collections will probably be housed in the handsome detached building then in process of erection. It was disappointing to find the Museum of the Geological Survey of Canada dismantled and removed to the seat of government at Ottawa, and, being informed the collections were not yet exhibited in their new home, it seemed hardly worth while to go to that capital merely to inspect Government buildings, however handsome, and a doleful straggling city of the future.

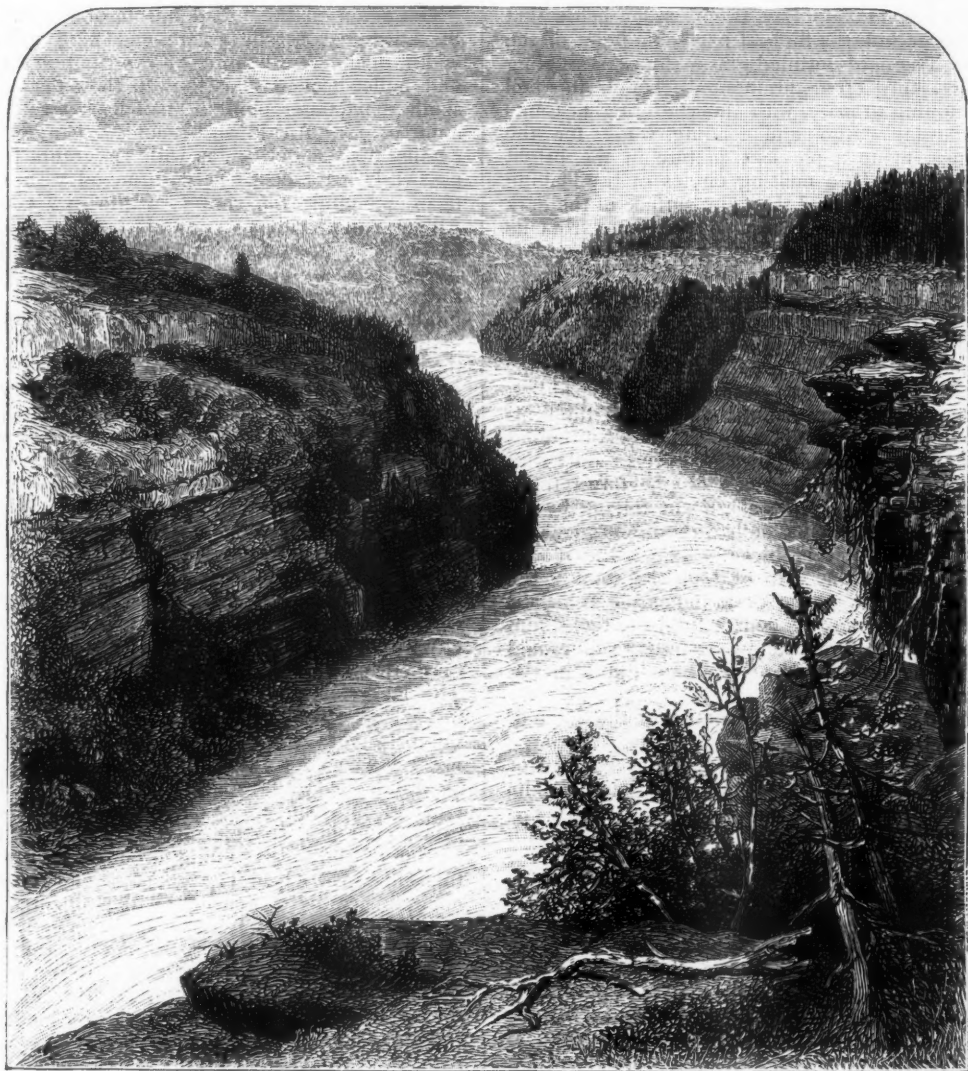
We left Montreal by the fine, well-appointed river-boat of the same name at six one evening for the trip down the Lower St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay river. As the scenery for the 180 miles between Montreal and Quebec is flat and uninteresting, the transit is by night, the steamer arriving beneath the citadel-crowned heights of Quebec in the early morning. We were speedily transferred to the smaller and light-draughted

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Union, of the Saguenay line, on board which an excellent breakfast of fresh fruit and Red River trout was at once served by civil French stewards. All the arrangements contrasted most favourably with the miserable accommodation and service of the Ontario section of the river; and the two-days' four-hundred-mile trip from Quebec up the

receives the waters of half a dozen tributary streams, each as wide as the Thames at Greenwich, in the next hundred miles of its course. But a chill rain damped one's admiration, and veiled the distant outlines in misty and shadowy gloom. The boat's company was lively enough, for, being Saturday, it was full of Quebec male



THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS BELOW NIAGARA FALLS.

[From a Photograph.]

Saguenay and back is the most enjoyable in the Dominion, and is certainly one of the least costly on the American continent.

After passing the Isle of Orleans, and the spot where the Montmorenci river falls into the St. Lawrence, the fertile cultivated slopes are succeeded by rugged and wild scenery. Stern, bare mountains rise for two thousand feet above the majestic river which, often several miles in width—although the navigable channel is narrow—

folk intent on spending Sunday with their families in summer quarters at Rivière du Loup, Murray Bay, and Cacouna, greatly resorted to for fishing, shooting, and sea-bathing, the waters of the lower river being quite salt. The arrival of the steamer seemed the event of the day at all of them. A dense crowd of most elaborately-costumed units was gathered at each landing-stage in anticipation. There was plenty of good-humoured badinage and recognitions and conversation about mutual

friends with equally interested groups on deck. The girls seemed delighted at every male accession to their numbers; as one frankly stated, in welcoming a new arrival, it had been very dull, for there was only one other man in the place. It was dusk when the Union, changing her course due north, steamed across from Cacouna, past Tadousac, and entered the gloomy portals of the Saguenay. Next morning we anchored in the quiet landlocked Ha Ha Bay, twenty miles below that of Chicoutimi, the highest navigable point of the river. The hard-outlined grassy slopes, straggling hamlet, tiny cross-surmounted chapel, its bell summoning to mass, with the clattering peasants discharging cargo and loading wood for the engines, made a pleasant picture in the bright summer air. The melting circles of the leaping trout alone disturbed the quiet surface of the dark river, whose bosom reflects no sunshine from its mysterious depths; and many an unseen cascade rippled musically in its rocky nook.

At nine off again, and steaming slowly past the rugged, dark, precipitous walls of rock which rise abruptly from beneath and tower upwards of 1,800 feet above on each side of the gloomy river, its deep black waters churned by the paddles, to use a just but unromantic simile, into the semblance of London porter. These continuous walls of rock are very desolate, covered only with scrub and the bare stems of the forest trees, ravaged of their slender charms of foliage by the fires which had lately scorched the region, making it as barren as it is bleak. The white clouds fleeting across the strip of blue sky roofing the chasm, and the gleam of innumerable waterfalls edging their circuitous course amid the rocks, and illustrating the formation of secondary valleys and minor escarpments, were the only lights in the sombre picture.

The Saguenay—the sole outlet of the Lake of St. John, which receives the drainage of a large area—has forced its way through a grand cleft or gorge—a true water Yosemite—the length of its hundred-miles course, until its waters join those of the St. Lawrence, contrasting but not mixing with the brighter current of far mightier volume for some time after their union. The name is supposed to be a corruption of that of S. Jean's Nez, just as in Mexico the romantic Purgatoire of the Spaniards has degenerated into the Picket Wire of hunters and later settlers. All that day we moved past similar scenes, the cliffs now higher, now lower, always bare, dark, and forbidding, and for the most part so sheer as to defy even the enterprise of the advertising quacks. The steamer seemed the only moving thing bearing life in the stern solitudes of the narrow coves overshadowed by the more prominent peaks of Trinity and Cape Eternity Bays, more gloomy and uncanny than the rest of the channel, and shut in completely by encircling rocks. Towards evening the boat anchored at the mouth at the old settlement of Tadousac, to receive a fresh store of logs for fuel, so we went ashore to look at the Government fish-breeding establishment. There were no salmon ova then hatching out, but some splendid fellows, such as would make a fisherman's heart ache with longing,

were leaping and showing their silver sides in one of the enclosures. A former glacier has left traces of its presence in a moraine and huge rounded knobs of granite, and loose boulders piled in picturesque *débris* and half covered by creeping plants in luxuriant growth. In an adjoining bit of forest the scarlet pigeon-berries glowed amidst their lily-like leaves at the foot of dark firs, maples, and fragrant pines.

Out again on the broad bosom of the majestic St. Lawrence, sea-like here and nine miles in width, ducks were floating on the rippling surface, and bullet-headed seals showed their dark round skulls above water, plunging below when the vessel approached. An inward-bound ocean steamer coming up the gulf laden with emigrants passed us swiftly. Its decks were thronged with eager faces scanning the shores of the new country. All responded with a wave and shout of welcome to the lusty greeting with which they hailed our dainty pleasure-boat of a new type. All nature seemed to accord them a smiling welcome. The mighty masses of the ancient Laurentian mountains—the backbone of Canada—stretched far away to the horizon their cold, hard, gneissic outlines, glowing and softened in the rays of a fiery sun which sank slowly behind their higher crests, flooding the silvery expanse of unruffled water with sudden radiance, and tinging the fleecy cloudlets with swiftly changing hues of exquisite glory, a scene of indescribable beauty and harmony too quickly veiled in the oncoming darkness.

That night the Union pulsed strongly, beating heavily up stream. Quebec was reached early in the morning. What a quaintly picturesque city it is, with its rock-enthroned citadel frowning over the ship-dotted harbour and fair wide river. The land view from the ramparts northward over the village-strewn plains of Abraham, and from the battery over the glistening tin roofs of the lower town across the Charles river, is almost as beautiful. A whole quarter of the upper town (that of St. Jean) was a mere heap of blackened ruins, churches, schools, and streets, swept away by one of the fires which so frequently devastate this old-world city. The effect of the venerable encircling walls is marred by the modern gates erected in honour of Lord Dufferin with—hideous anachronism!—the date prominently sculptured thereon. The governor's garden is but a wilderness, grass grows undisturbed in ill-paved thoroughfares, and rank weeds veil the mouths of the guns on the ramparts of perfectly obsolete calibre. Large-hatted priests, youthful abbés, and black-veiled nuns predominate in the streets. It is a veritable sleepy hollow, picturesque, poverty-stricken, and apparently priest-ridden, like the rest of the province of Quebec, with the stamp of Catholic and Bourbon France most unmistakably impressed on it; it has not retrograded, but stood still, while that of Ontario flourishes, and Manitoba progresses with the rapid strides of the West.

But it is a land of moderate cab-fares and civil servitors. Even the hackman who drove us through the Slough of Despond surrounding the dépôt of

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the Canada Southern, carried our things into the station and saluted on receiving his fare, an attention which momentarily paralysed me, having been long unused to all practical courtesies. The rail trip to Montreal by this road—selected on discovering that departure by the accommodating "Grand Trunk" would involve leaving or arriving at midnight—was a tedious and uninteresting one, through forests of smaller growth blackened by fire and stumpy clearings. The passengers were mostly of the rural French peasant type. There was a long cab drive from the tumble-down shanty *dépôt* through the suburbs of Montreal to the Windsor, which we left next day after examination of baggage at the Grand Trunk station for the United States, passing through the Victoria tubular bridge over the St. Lawrence in six minutes of semi-darkness. At Rouse's Point French villages, guide-posts, and railway officials were left behind, and we passed over the infertile boulder-strewn country, and soon arrived at Plattsburgh, New York, where we were nearly torn in two by rival hotel touts.

Most of the attractions of the immediate shores of Lake Champlain were hidden by rain as we boarded the Vermont, surely the most luxurious of river boats, with cabins furnished with wardrobes and four-posters, and deserving the often misapplied name of state-rooms. But it soon cleared up, and we caught glimpses of the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the more rugged outlines of the peaks of the Adirondacks, or New York wilderness, on the other. Ten miles of rail transit in open cars, up grade, through pleasant, hilly, fir-crowned scenery, to Lake George, which lies at a higher level, was a very agreeable one, amid ruined forts and relics of our struggle for supremacy, as inglorious as unjust, in the War of Independence, of which we do well to be ashamed. Miniature Lake George—still best known by the name of an English king, which has unfortunately been allowed to supersede the older and more poetical "Horicon," of Indian origin—is a perfect little gem. Its limpid waters, revealing the presence of the speckled trout and diminutive sun-fishes beneath, are surrounded by soft-outlined hills clothed in green foliage to the water's edge. We were landed at its southern end amid a crowd of fashionables listening to a band at a large wooden hotel, with only the view from its immense piazza to recommend it. A coach and four awaited the through passengers to Glens Falls, but we stayed over, and subsequently, on starting for Saratoga, an hour distant by the Hudson river Railroad, found the short stage very tame after Yosemite experiences.

That fashionable resort, then in the height of the season, consists of one long boulevard, chiefly monster wooden hotels. These are built in squares enclosing large centre gardens, where the famous garden parties or dress parades are held. They are luxurious barracks. Once landed on your *stage* you may have to journey through a quarter of a mile of corridor before reaching your room. The dining saloon is immense, twelve hundred people dining, or rather attempting the feat, surrounded by a crowd of black waiters. The official

guarding the hats gets through his task of delivering them to their respective owners with almost mechanical precision, never failing and rarely hesitating, although the straw hats, of which he has hundreds at once under his care, look exactly alike to ordinary observers. In the winter he performs the same feat of memory at the Windsor, New York. People return to Saratoga year after year. But the life seems monotonous to those devoid of a taste for drinking nasty water and of a passion for dress. One lady, I was informed, had brought seventy dresses for the season, and hired an extra room to keep them in; she had then arrived at her fortieth toilette. White dresses and large hats with long white feathers, and natural flowers worn at the belt, were most in vogue in the daytime. Much of the time is spent lounging on the piazzas of the hotels and contemplating your fellows similarly occupied across the street. The scene at night is a beautiful one, the electric light illuminating a moving throng, the women with lace mantillas for sole head covering, and sparkling with diamonds, their grand toilettes contrasting oddly with the light suits and straw hats of their often gloveless male companions. "Hop this evening; evening dress indispensable," is the laconic announcement occasionally visible over the hotel bureau. This necessary restriction, most rigidly enforced by a coloured Cerberus, who pompously permitted those to pass into the grand ball-room whose get-up he deemed sufficiently orthodox, seemed to thin the assemblage, much befrowned children being as usual the chief performers. A stroll in the electric-lighted garden under the trees was certainly preferable on a soft summer night.

Our next halt was at Albany, to say farewell to friends, and thence we floated down the Hudson on one of the palatial day-boats running only in the summer season. It was strange to see so many women arranging their dresses, repairing their complexions, and lounging the day through on the sofas in the saloon, for the air was perfect, and the scenery of the noble river, clothed in all its summer glories, more enchanting than ever; and to me it seemed as though its changeable beauties could never pall. Then followed a long, gasping week at the Buckingham, for New York city was under a hot spell, and, with the mercury well in the nineties, shopping was a terrible exertion. Under such circumstances a whiff of the Atlantic becomes a necessity. So one day we took steamer for Coney Island, a long strip of sand lying at the head of the bay—a treeless waste, with monster hotels, bathing stations, "fat boys" shows, and all the paraphernalia of a fair. Music by day, fireworks by night. Such, in the dog days, are the attractions of Coney Island, the Margate of New York. The sandy soil grows magnificent crops of tall Indian corn, each graceful plant yielding a stem of corn. Corn on the cob is a delicious vegetable when one has *grasped* the true method of eating it—i.e., holding it in one hand and gnawing off the rows of kernels gorilla fashion, an act no one can perform gracefully.

The trip home on the Cunard *Bothnia*, under its genial commander, was uneventful and pleasant.

After passing the fog manufactory of "The Banks" the oppressive heat quickly diminished. A descent in mid-ocean into the three-galleried engine-room, and a brief glance into the pandemonium of the stoke-hole, with its double row of gaping, blazing furnaces, continuously fed by the stokers oscillating down the narrow iron pathway, showed us what crossing the Atlantic meant to some on board. The revolving lights of Skellig and Fastnet were the sole indications of the proximity of the Irish crags. Next morning the channel, smooth as a mill-pond, dotted with many a becalmed sailing vessel, looked more like an old-fashioned chart with ships drawn on to mark the ocean than reality. Soon the Welsh coast stood out in bold outline, a little cloud resting on the summit of grand old Snowdon, a true mountain form of little altitude but great majesty; while Liverpool harbour, with its background of tall factory chimneys, uncertain shadows, black-hulled ships at anchor with bare poles, looked quite picturesque in the dusk of a misty evening, the gas-lights reflected in the smooth water—a true Whistler "nocturne in black and gold." But the process of landing and passing the customs was as prosaic and disgracefully uncomfortable as

usual in Britain. Next day it rained, of course, yet the old country, as we sped southward, seemed like a well-kept garden, and lovelier than ever. London looked venerable, gloomy, and clean, after five months' absence in many climates and varying temperatures, for we had enjoyed two springs, and gone back from golden grain already harvested to corn ripening for the sickle. In the course of our passage through Eastern cities, on lakes and rivers, over the mountains, prairies, and deserts of the Far West, we came in contact with widely differing types of humanity—from the over-much Europeanised and rather unpatriotic "young America" to the savage Apache—half-breeds, Spaniards, and Mexicans, cow-boys, rancheros, and miners, the bronzed and sinewy "Western Boys," the true backbone of a country where idleness and ignorance are the only things men are ashamed of. Learning to measure things other than by the British standard—not the only one in the world—we gained, I trust, a truer knowledge of the relative proportions of continents, people, and things, with a juster appreciation of the real progress and development of that land of the present and nation of the future—"the grand old world which is the new."

AGNES CRANE.

JUDGES' CLERKS.

ALL of our readers are aware that the Common Law Judges are high officials limited in number, who have committed to them, by the direct authority of the Sovereign, the administration of the law of our country in the superior courts. Parliament, with the consent of the Sovereign, makes the law; the judges administer it, and in doing so sit either at the new Law Courts, or, at intervals of the year, in certain ancient county towns—"travelling circuit," as it is called.

Now it must be obvious to every one that these dignitaries cannot perform their high duties, and attend to all the minute details connected therewith, unassisted, for it is a fundamental principle in the administration of the law that not only shall a thing be done, but that it shall be done in a certain definite and exact manner. Hence a judge directs a certain course of proceeding in the initiatory stages of an action, but leaves his directions to be carried out by a formal order to be drawn up by his clerk.

For some three or four hundred years past every judge of the superior courts of Common Law has had two clerks—the "Westminster," or "body" clerk, and the "chambers" clerk. The former of these was usually clerk to the particular judge whom he represented when at the Bar. He had most likely entered his employer's service a mere boy, and partly by sharpness, and partly by good fortune, had given satisfaction to his master, until the latter was raised to the Bench, and the clerk shared in the distinction by becoming a "judge's

clerk," with—in the olden days—some £900 or £1,000 per annum from fees received as salary. Before the Reformation the judges' clerks were in holy orders, and long after that event we find them personally acting in important matters in a way which would indicate that they were men of education and legal experience. The sons of many of them became barristers and solicitors of reputation, and others had the happiness of seeing their descendants upon the Bench. Mr. Platt, Westminster clerk to Lord Mansfield, lived to see his son become a Baron of the Exchequer.

It is more difficult to describe the origin of the "chamber" clerk of the judge. The "body" clerk was really only a superior kind of servant, waiting upon the judge at Westminster, Chambers, and the judge's own house, robing him when about to sit in court, copying his notes of trials if required by the Home Secretary, or in the Appeal Court, settling his circuit bills, etc., and acting generally as a secretary or steward, the latter an office so entirely attached to him on circuit that the sitting-room of the clerks in the judges' lodgings at all old assize towns is still called "the stewards' room." The chamber clerk was (for the office no longer exists) a kind of delegate judge in many matters; he might seldom see his principal. He attended daily at what were called "Judges' Chambers," and was entrusted with a fac-simile stamp to impress the name of his judge upon orders, often of vital importance, affecting the liberty and property of the subject. He read and determined a vast

number of smaller applications made to the judge, and his knowledge of the law was large and comprehensive. Attorneys and their clerks continually sought his advice, and he was himself *ex officio* an attorney of the Court, and in more instances than one, articulated to himself clerks to assist him in his duties, they either in time becoming attorneys, or succeeding as judges' clerks. The late learned and amiable Lord Justice Lush was a remarkable instance of this, rising as he did from a judges' clerk's seat in the Chambers of the Common Pleas to become eventually a Lord Justice of the Supreme Court.

It may reasonably be thought that a body of men entering office in this very easy and untested manner would excite some jealousy amongst the lower members of the legal profession generally. This does not, however, appear to have been the case. The two clerks of the judge were so indispensable to him—the one in attending to his personal wants, and the other in causing the chamber business to flow evenly and smoothly—that they became to a great extent identified with the judge himself, and were treated with great respect accordingly.

The position of a judge's clerk in the good old days was indeed a somewhat enviable one. In town his status was that of a gentleman associated with and respected by men high in the legal profession. Twice every year he travelled easily and pleasantly through a group of English counties, housed and fed luxuriously and free of expense at the judge's lodgings, sitting, the one clerk at the side of the judge, amongst the highest and noblest of the county, the other in a more obscure position, but still in open court, receiving tangible proofs of his importance in the shape of fees, momentarily taken, of which he had to keep an elaborate account, for the fees did not belong entirely to the clerks, but, strange to say, every circuit official, from the judge downwards to the footman, or "marshal's man," as he was called, took pickings out of them.

The judge's clerk's large salary was indeed entirely made up of such fees, sometimes earned very easily indeed. If a "private bill" were passing through the House of Lords, a copy was sent to a judge to peruse, and with such copy a fee of £5 was received by the clerk. If a public company made any bye-laws, before they became operative they must be signed by a judge, and £2 was paid to the clerk for such signature. The clerk received £2 for every cause entered for trial on circuit, £1 1s. for uttering the few formal words necessary upon opening each commission, and 6d. for every witness sworn upon either a civil or criminal trial. If a judge travelled the Northern Circuit (the heaviest in England) his two clerks would easily clear £500 or £600 during the six or seven weeks the assizes lasted!

Some of the fees demanded seem ridiculous enough. After each commission was opened the names of the justices of the peace in the county were called over, and as each answered the judge's clerk held to him a wand, to the end of which was fastened a white kid glove; into this the magistrate was expected to drop a shilling! On certain

occasions members of the Bar were treated to a similar ceremony.

When it is remembered that at Lancaster alone, before assizes were held at Manchester and Liverpool, as many as three hundred or more causes, with perhaps two hundred prisoners, awaited trial at the assizes, it may be imagined what a rich harvest of fees was garnered by the fortunate man who had the honour of representing the judge! So large indeed was the civil work that the judge daily, before he went to court, sat for an hour or so in an apartment of his lodgings to hear interlocutory applications in the causes he was subsequently to try. Summonses had been taken out and served upon the other side, perhaps in London, or in some other town many miles away. On the return of these summonses often neither side attended before the judge,—*each* had written to the judge's chamber clerk, appointing him his agent, and instructing him in all the arguments to be used for and against the application. On the hearing the judge sat behind a large table; his clerk faced him, and urged the granting of the application; and then, having exhausted all he had to say on that side, as agent for the respondent he argued *against* granting the application. Of course his lordship decided justly, and whichever way the decision went, the clerk was duly paid "agency fees" by both successful and unsuccessful party.

It was, however, at the judges' chambers in London that the great bulk of fees annually received were taken. Down to 1838 each judge had separate chambers, ancient tumble-down places scattered about Serjeants' Inn, Chancery Lane, and elsewhere. In that year a large block of handsome new buildings was erected in Rolls Garden, to which all the chamber business of the Common Law judges was transferred. Here, in three large halls, devoted to the Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer respectively, the judges' chamber clerks sat daily from 11 to 5 in term time, and from 11 to 3 in vacation, fully occupied in issuing summonses, drawing up orders, swearing deponents to affidavits, etc., etc. Every summons cost 2s., an order 3s. or 5s., as the case might be. For taking an affidavit 1s. was demanded, and for filing the same 1s. also. The total amount of fees thus taken amounted annually to some £18,000 or £20,000!

Twice every year, during circuit, one judge only remained in town to attend chambers, and his pair of clerks, with such assistance as they chose to call in at their own expense, divided the fees amongst themselves. This period was known as the "stay at home!" and lucky were the clerks who enjoyed it. The work was heavy and responsible, as may easily be imagined, but the receipts amply compensated for any extra fatigue, whether of mind or body. In one such stay at home the pair of clerks took on the average fees amounting to £100 per diem, making perhaps a net daily profit of £90 after all assistant and other expenses had been paid.

Remuneration such as this was doubtless excessive, and for some years prior to 1852 the Government had attempted to put the establishment at

the judges' chambers on a more reasonable footing. An Act of Parliament was passed, and in November, 1852, came into operation, under which the whole of the fees taken by the clerks became the property of the imperial exchequer, and were paid quarterly on oath into the Treasury. The clerks were reduced to fixed salaries: the Westminster officer to £600 and the chamber clerk to £400 per annum.

Under the provisions of this statute matters remained quiescent for nearly twenty-eight years. The grievance, however, was deeply felt, and alluded to in the reports of more than one royal commission, that the judges' chamber clerks still had an unsatisfactory tenure of office. The Westminster clerk *necessarily* lost his situation upon the death or retirement of the judge he served in order to make room for the old and valued clerk of the new judge; but in the case of the chamber clerk there was no such necessity for change, and it was felt to be detrimental to the public service that a man who had gained experience, and enjoyed the confidence of the profession, should be superseded, upon the death or resignation of a judge whom he nominally served although perhaps seldom saw, by some young uninformed clerk useless for years to the profession or public.

At length, in 1879, matters were radically altered. The old "judges' chambers" were practically abolished, and the building containing them deserted by the clerks and applicants. A new legal department was created called "the Central Office of the High Court of Justice." The Lord Chancellor transferred to this new department the older and more experienced of the chamber clerks, and created them permanent civil officers of the Crown, independent of the judges as to either appointment, removal, or tenure of office, and entitled to superannuation upon retirement, the Civil Service Commissioners, after due inquiry, granting them certificates as to their experience and fitness for the office.

The judges' clerks now consist of two clerks to each judge, whose salaries are £400 and £200 respectively, reduced to that amount by the Judicature Acts, 1873-5. Both these are *personal* clerks, appointed without special qualification, and holding office during their judge's pleasure, and their office ceases upon his death or resignation. No pension whatever is provided for them, however long or ably they may have held office. Truly the present condition of a judge's clerk contrasts significantly with the traditions of the office in "the good old times."

Low-breathing Winds.

LOW-BREATHING winds, that sob, and pass us by,
What mean ye by that sad and plaintive sigh
That wails from earth and reaches to the sky?

Come ye from homes bereaved, or fields of slain,
From scenes where cruelty and murder reign,
From sickness unrelieved, or death-bed pain?

Bear ye the knowledge of some hidden woe,
A secret sorrow that ye only know—
Why not unburthen it, and let it go?

Is it for ills that curse the earth ye moan,
False love that hides deception in its tone,
Or haply for hurt souls that weep alone?

Mourn ye for wrong triumphant over right,
The poor who suffer, or the proud who smite,
For guilty deeds that dread and shun the light?

I would not ye should cease, sad winds, to mourn,
While weary hearts with wasting griefs are torn,
And loved ones' ashes fill the tear-washed urn.

So long as nature, groaning, is in fear,
'Tis only fitting that upon the ear
Sounds of her travail fall distinct and clear.

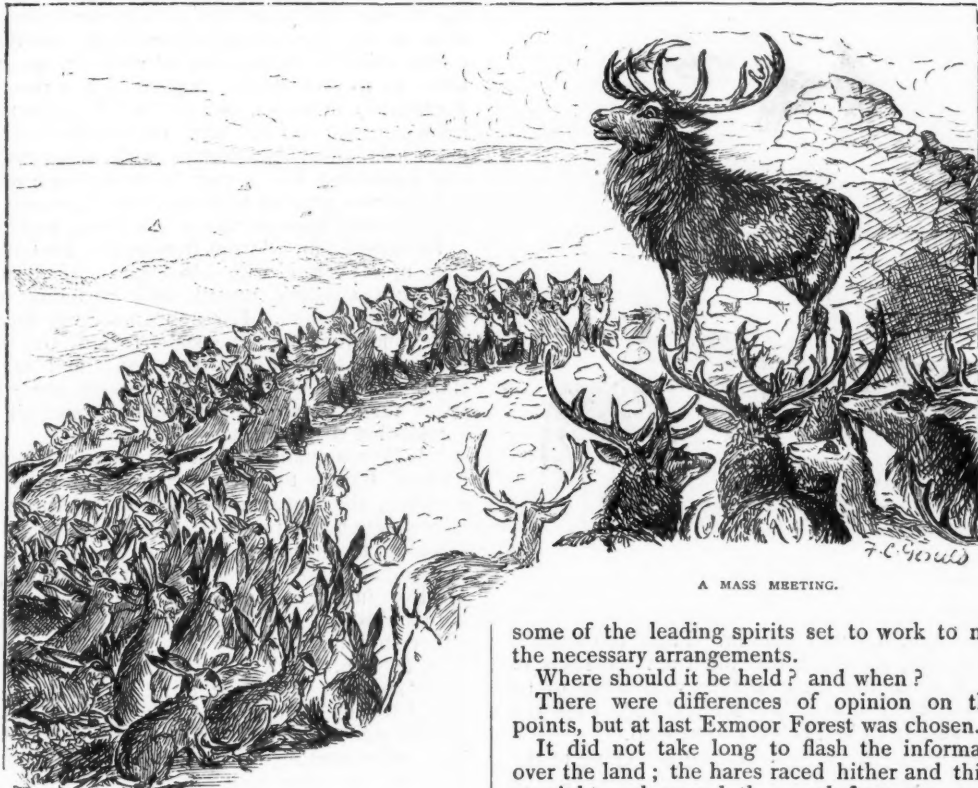
Then let me mourn with you her bitter woe,
I cannot choose but weep to see her throe;
Whether I will or not the tears will flow.

Low-breathing winds, that sob, and pass us by,
Until the air is burthened with your cry,
I wonder which is saddest, you or I?

CHARLES D. BELL, D.D.

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SPORT FROM AN ANIMAL'S POINT OF VIEW.



A MASS MEETING.

THE news that a mass meeting of animals was to be held in order to protest against the cruelties perpetrated by man under the name of "Sport," sent an electric thrill throughout the length and breadth of the land.

In the glens and on the mountain slopes of the Highlands the great red stags threw up their grand crowned heads and drank in the morning breeze of a new day with a proud feeling of freedom which was fresh to them. The foxes in every shire from John o' Groat's to Land's End breathed more freely. The hares, red, brown, and blue, grew bolder when they heard the news, and that night the "merry brown hare" was merrier than the moon had ever seen him before.

There was a revel in every rabbit warren; and along the cliffs, in the sandhills and the hedgerows, in the gorse and fern brakes, the "bunnies" jerked up their hind legs and scampered about wild with the delight of a new hope.

Organisation was something new, so new and startling that the animals seized upon the idea that they had discovered a great mysterious power, which was to make the weak strong and turn wrong into right.

It would be difficult to say exactly how and when this idea of a mass meeting formed shape, but certain it is that it was caught up eagerly, and

some of the leading spirits set to work to make the necessary arrangements.

Where should it be held? and when?

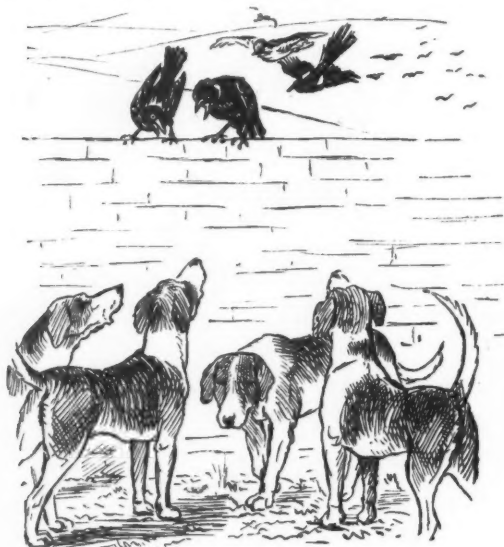
There were differences of opinion on these points, but at last Exmoor Forest was chosen.

It did not take long to flash the information over the land; the hares raced hither and thither at night and passed the word from one to the other. The foxes carried the news from earth to earth, and the rabbits stamped outside each other's burrows and screamed down to their friends. Then the birds took it up—at least those birds which knew the animal language, the jays and the magpies, the starlings and the blackbirds, and the rooks and jackdaws—and these flew over the woods and scuttered through the dry leaves in the bramble brakes, and shrieked, chattered, or whistled, until not a creature with four legs but knew all about the great meeting. But these birds, like most chattering, made mischief, for the rooks and jackdaws were not content until they had told the news to all the sheepdogs on the downs, and the hounds in the kennels at Exford on the Moor, and that brought trouble in the end.

At last the evening arrived. The spot chosen for the meeting was on the northern slope of Dunkery Hill on Exmoor, a hill which runs up with a gradual slope to a height of over 1,700 feet above the sea-level. All through the day the animals who had reached the moor during the previous night lay crouched and resting amidst the deep recesses of Homer Wood or the steep woods of Culbone, which run down from the edge of the moor and almost dip their leaves in the waters of the Bristol Channel.

When the sun had gone down and twilight was

drawing its still grey veil over the rolling moors and throwing the wooded hollows into darkness, then all the animals ventured out and made fearlessly for the appointed trysting place.



CHATTERERS.

The spot was well chosen. From the summit of the hill, on which was piled a huge heap of stones where the beacon fires were wont to be lighted, the eye travelled far and wide over the panorama stretched below and around.

There was the Bristol Channel sweeping to the west to join the Atlantic, and stretching up to the north-east to the Severn mouth, dotted with the little islands of Steep and Flat Holme, lying full five-and-twenty miles distant.

Across the Channel the coast and hills of Wales bounded the horizon like a long dark purple cloud in the deepening twilight. The beautiful wooded hill of Dunster Castle stood out clear and dark against the soft grey background of water. The rich pastures of Somersetshire, the blue range of the Quantocks, and away in the far distance the Gloucestershire hills, were all in view, and immediately around the foot of Dunkery itself were the rolling moorlands of Exmoor Forest, looking like huge Atlantic waves which had changed their nature and rested. And here and there was a silvery gleam of the Badgworthy stream which runs through the land of the Doones.

It was just beneath the beacon on the northern slope of the hill that the crowds of animals grouped themselves, not by any preconcerted arrangement, but rather by natural attraction or aversion one to the other.

The hares and rabbits feared to mix too freely with the foxes, for although their interests were for the time identical, there was no confidence. The larger animals naturally kept together, but the red deer looked down upon the fallow deer with somewhat of contempt; and as for the weasels

and the stoats, there was a general feeling that they were little sneaks who had no right to be at the meeting at all.

So it came about that the animals settled themselves into kindred groups, instead of mixing together in the unanimity of a general purpose. With all this segregation, disorder and confusion might well have been expected when the question arose as to who should preside at the meeting. Fortunately, however, the choice fell instinctively upon a grand old red stag, the patriarch of Exmoor, a noble-looking creature, with antlers gnarled and branching like a pair of sturdy oaks, whose red coat was grizzled with age, but whose eye was as bright and keen as that of any young brocket.

He stepped proudly out from amidst his fellows, took up a position with his back to the beacon, and with swelling nostrils and glistening eyes gazed around him. His appearance was greeted with loud applause; the stags roared, the foxes and otters barked, and the hares and rabbits stamped excitedly, but when he commenced to speak the noise was hushed at once and all the animals listened eagerly.

"Fellow animals!" said the stag. "There is no need for me to tell you why we are here this evening; the cause which has brought us together in a common bond of sympathy is one which lies too close to our hearts ever to be forgotten, for it is branded on us by the fire of cruelty, written on our lives in letters of blood! Is there one animal here amidst all this crowd who has not suffered, either in himself or in the person of some one dear to him, by that brutal pastime which man calls 'sport'? I will not dwell on details which would be painful, and unhappily no details which I could give you could go beyond your experience. The ever-haunting dread which is never absent from us, the desperate race for life, the cruel deaths, the mutilations—all these things fall to our cruel lot. And why?"

"Is life less sweet to us, or is death less terrible to us, because we are animals and not men? True we cannot resist the tyranny which crushes us, but does might give right? Man says that we are only animals, that we have no souls and no rights which should be considered when they clash with his interests or his pleasures; but does he think that because our present life is our only one, as most men say, therefore it matters not how we are treated? Surely if our short life here is our only existence, then, in common justice, we should be allowed to live in peace and to enjoy our brief spell of happiness without being hounded and tortured and killed, simply that man may amuse his spare hours.

"Why should we who are called wild animals—wild because we have liberty—why should we be beyond the pale of mercy and of justice? If a labourer lashes his horse too freely, or if a farmer leaves his shorn sheep exposed to the cold, the law steps in and punishes the offender; but the very men who administer that law and who pose with virtuous indignation as defenders of the weak and helpless animals, will the very next day turn out in all the panoply of sport and help to run to death an animal every whit as defenceless

as the horse or the sheep, and the law says nothing! If a lad sets a couple of terriers to worry a cat, he is punished for brutality; but if he joins in setting not two but twenty couples of hounds on to a poor, terrified, screaming hare, he is not a criminal but a sportsman!

"My friends, it is to raise our voices against this cruelty, this injustice, that we have met together this evening. Let us strike a blow for freedom by resolutely declaring that we will not accept this heritage of suffering which man seeks to entail upon us. We are safe for a time from our foes, and I ask you all fearlessly to speak your minds, and by taking counsel together we shall find, beyond a doubt, some means of freeing ourselves from this deadly tyranny of 'sport.'"

The conclusion of the stag's speech was greeted with enthusiastic applause, which was renewed again and again. When silence was restored, an excited-looking fox was seen eagerly gesticulating, and the stag called on him to address the meeting. The fox said:

"The burning words which have fallen from the lips of our noble president are the heralds of a new age, which has commenced this day! The glorious Revolution of Animals against the despotism of sport has begun, and it shall not end until we are all free! until the time when the stag may lie in his leafy covert, the fox in his earth, the hare in his form, and the rabbit in the warren, without the dread of the huntsman and his hounds!"

He went on to describe in graphic detail the agony suffered by a hunted creature, and he passionately appealed to all his fellow-animals, great and small, to combine and put an end to man's reign of blood and cruelty.

Then a hare got up and told a piteous tale of the ceaseless persecutions inflicted upon his unhappy race.

"If," said he, "we escape the gun, we have to run the gauntlet of the harriers, or the slower but remorseless death-hunt of the beagles, and for many of us is reserved the awful fate of the race for life with the great, fierce greyhounds straining on either side, and with the terrifying yells of a mob ringing in our ears. We harm no one; why should we be hounded out of life, as if we had no right to live, or as if we were born with nerves and muscles specially constituted to afford amusement to man?"

And when the hare finished his speech with a bold and fiery denunciation of the great enemy, "sport," and appealed to the assembly to raise the standard of revolution throughout the country, the applause was long and loud.

The next speaker was a rabbit, who complained that his race, although the smallest and most defenceless of all, suffered beyond all others from the brutalities of man.

Then a fox, whose sly face wore a peculiarly



cunning expression, rose to speak. He commenced in a deprecatory manner by appealing to the meeting to give him a patient hearing, although his views might not be quite in accordance with those of the majority.

He claimed to have studied the questions which they had met to discuss very carefully from all points of view, and he was convinced that the conclusions he had arrived at were sound, and conducive to the best interests of the persecuted races.

"I can quite understand," said he, with a smug expression of sympathy, "the tone of resentment and indignation which runs through the eloquent speeches to which we have listened, and I do not deny that there is just ground for resentment, for to be shot, or trapped, or hunted, are unpleasant incidents; but, my friends, passion and indignation, however justifiable in individuals, are not always the safest guides for action when great interests are at stake.

"The argument used by previous speakers is a very simple one: 'Some of us suffer from sport, therefore sport is an evil and must be abolished.' But that view is near-sighted in the extreme, and betrays an ignorance of one of the leading principles of nature, by showing anxiety for the single life and an utter disregard for the type.

"Sport is, I allow, destructive to the individual, but it is preservative to the masses. If it were not for man's code of sport, which preserves the many so that he may kill the few, how long should we be permitted to exist?"

"The barriers and restrictions by which our destruction is limited would then be broken down, and our lives would be at the mercy of every man. Abolish sport, and you abolish the only claim for life which man grants to us! Abolish sport, and we shall either sink to the mercenary level of food, or die out of the land as surely as the wolf and the wild boar have disappeared.

"And is there no exaggeration in the tales of suffering told us to-night? Have not the stags and the hares their merry moonlit nights, when men are in their beds and the hounds in their kennels, and there is nothing to molest them? And the fallow deer!—what have they to complain of?"

"They spend their lives in the parks as free from care or molestation as the cattle in the meadows, and surely sport does not affect them!"

"And, again, what have the deer who are hunted from the cart to complain of? They know that there is no danger in the chase; they run their round, and are taken home as surely and as safely as the hounds themselves, and it must be enjoyment and not pain to them. As for my little friends the rabbits, they may not, perhaps, always look at things in the same light that we foxes do, but they cannot deny that the many happy hours which they enjoy during the day in the quiet retirement of their domestic circles, and in the gloaming and the darkness amongst the ferns and in the fields, must more than recompense them



for any slight inconvenience to which they may at times be subject."

The fox was unable to proceed any further, for the angry protests and the indignant cries of the animals around him drowned his voice; and at last, seeing the threatening temper of the crowd, he stopped abruptly, and slipping amongst his fellow-foxes, he quietly stole away out of sight.

The old stag in the meantime had come to the front, and begged the meeting to be patient.

"It is well for us to hear both sides of a question, although I am bound to say that there appeared to me to be more sophistry in the fox's arguments than sympathy with the sufferings of his fellow-animals. As for the statement which he made, that the carted deer enjoy being hunted, I am quite sure that it will be refuted by some one amongst us who can speak from experience. There is one of my race here who bears the brand of the tyranny of sport, his head being shorn of that crown of staghood which it is our right to carry, and I am quite sure we shall all be glad to hear what he has to say on the subject."

In response to this invitation, a stag, who had been standing near the outskirts of the crowd, pushed his way to the front. He was a fine, handsome creature, but his antlers had been sawn off close to his head, giving him a somewhat feminine appearance, and his eyes lacked the fire and life which sparkled from the eyes of his free brethren.

He commenced by saying that he felt ashamed to stand before his fellows without the attire which it was the birthright of every free-born stag to wear. "The fox who spoke just now told you that we carted deer enjoy being hunted, but I would like to ask him whether, if he wished for exercise, he would not prefer to take it in his own way rather than by having a pack of hounds thirsting for his blood tearing at his heels? The best way in which I can refute that monstrous statement will be by telling you what occurred to a friend of mine, a fellow-slave in a county not far from London and not very long ago. He was captured, and for a time well fed and cared for, except that he was kept in confinement. But on one Easter Monday morning he was seized, and his antlers were sawn off close to his head. Perhaps the fox will tell you that this is an enjoyable operation; he can realise for himself whether it is so or not by getting some one to saw his teeth off close to the gums. I can only say, from what my friend has told me, that the pain of the operation was intense; the horrible grating of the saw crashing through the horns thrilled every nerve with the most acute agony. When this cruel mutilation was completed the poor fellow was put into a cart, taken some distance away, and then let loose amongst a mob of people. Then followed the hunt, which, the fox says, affords such pleasure to us. It is all very well to argue that we are not intended to be killed, and that therefore there is no danger. The hounds know nothing of any such arrangement, and we have to struggle for our lives as desperately as the fox himself when he hears the dreaded 'Tally ho!' It is quite a chance that any one is near enough to the hounds to whip them off before they have dragged the

unfortunate stag down into a ditch and mangled him.

"But to return to my friend's experiences. He was rescued from the hounds just as he was sinking with exhaustion; then the huntsman strapped his hind and fore legs together, and he was slung upon a pole and carried by four men for some miles, the fetlock joints of the stag bearing the whole weight of the body. This is only a sample of the cruelty of stag-hunting, and I emphatically deny that we carted deer enjoy being hunted."

Then a wild, scraggy-looking hare got up to speak. His eyes, which were unnaturally large even for a hare, wore a wild, excited expression, and, to add to the grotesqueness of his appearance, he had decorated his head by sticking some dried grass stalks into the fur between his ears. He was greeted with a general laugh, for the March hare was well known for his eccentric and extreme views.

"I hate foxes," he said; "but I prefer a fox who knows what he is talking about, even to a hare who cannot see beyond his own nose, and whose sense of logic is as limited as his tail. The fox was quite right when he told you that if it were not for sport all we animals would be exterminated. As it is now, we know that when we are



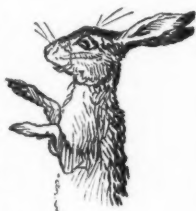
killed the operation is carried out in a respectable manner and in accordance with orthodox traditions, but if sport were put an end to we should be exposed to the ill-regulated thirst for blood of every farm-labourer and every poacher who could muster a gun or a trap. And why abuse man in the matter? If men should cease to exist, how much better off should we be? The dogs from far and near would combine, and we should speedily become staple articles of food for our four-footed enemies, instead of being preserved as we are now from all interference except within certain well-defined limits.

"And there is another consideration which should weigh with us in debating this question of sport, and it is one which appeals particularly to my fellow-hares. It is this: we boast great powers of speed and endurance, which contribute to our pleasures, and also enable us many a time to escape from our pursuers. My friends, had we never been pursued, these powers which we prize so much would perhaps have never been developed; therefore, instead of putting an end to sport, we should be grateful for its preservative and developing influences."

The speaker was allowed to say no more, for the amusement which his appearance had caused had been succeeded by amazement and indignation as he propounded his strange and unnatural theories. The gradually increasing storm of interruption culminated at last in one unanimous yell of derision, and after gesticulating in dumb-show for a few minutes, the March hare disappeared from view.

Several animals jumped up eager to reply, but

precedence was given to another hare who was anxious to repudiate the sentiments of his eccentric kinsman. He denounced the opinions and arguments of the previous speaker with passionate vigour, attributing them to the vagaries of a disordered imagination. "What is the use," he cried, "of wasting our breath in speeches? Let every animal here, this evening, whether horned or hornless, short tailed or long tailed, resolve that he will no longer allow himself to be a victim for the brutal amusements of man. Let the stag refuse to leave his covert, the fox his earth, the rabbit his burrow, when the sportsman is abroad. We have only to be passive; and if we refuse to fly before the gun and the hounds, man will find his amusement gone and will leave us unmolested to seek for other prey. This passive policy may entail some sacrifice of life, but the sacrifice will be a noble one.



"We hares are timid folk, so they taunt us; but we will set the example. I, for one, swear that, whenever I hear the huntsman's horn and the cries of the hounds echoing over the fields, I will sit, dauntless and immovable, wherever I may be. If death comes to me, I will meet it unflinchingly, but I will never fly—"

The hare suddenly paused; his long ears twitched nervously, and then jerked forward as if straining to catch some distant sound; his eyes grew big with terror and stared away into the gloom of the distance. His keen sense of hearing had detected a faint but startling noise. It was coming nearer and nearer, and he knew too well what it was—the cry of hounds on a hot scent!

With a wild scream the hare turned, and, laying his ears over his back, he went down the hill like a racehorse.

By this time the other animals had also heard the dreaded sounds, which came with terrible distinctness as the hounds rose over the crest of a neighbouring hill. For one instant the crowd stood as if spellbound, with straining eyes and ears, and the next moment there was a flying mass of terrified animals tearing down over the slopes of Dunkery.

Stags, foxes, hares, and rabbits went helter-

skelter, each one thinking of nothing but his own safety.

The otters with their loping gallop hurried away to the nearest stream, and the weasels and stoats slipped in amongst the stones and the heather roots, and lay low.

Only one animal stayed behind, and that was the old stag, who stood with his head thrown proudly up, scorning to fly.

But how did the hounds get here at this time of night, when they ought to have been in their kennels?

It came about through the chattering of those long-tongued birds, the jackdaws, the magpies, and the rest of the talkative crew; they had told the hounds in Exford kennels what was going to be done, and some of the younger dogs had arranged amongst themselves that when they were taken out for exercise that day, as many as possible should get away in different directions, and meeting again at some appointed place in the evening, they should have a hunt all to themselves without being bothered by the horns and whips of Arthur the huntsman and his whippers-in.

Only a dozen of the hounds succeeded in their design, and just when the hare was making his impassioned speech they hit upon the scent of some of the deer, and broke out into a yell of delight which would have done justice to a full pack. They came racing along with the scent breast high, and almost ran into a small mob of rabbits, who in their fright were scuttering in the wrong direction.

The hounds being young and giddy, more than half of them ran riot, and giving up the nobler game dashed after the little fugitives, and next day they sneaked back to the kennels with rabbits' fluff in their jaws, and a sound thrashing they got. Of the rest only two returned, bruised and bleeding, and the bodies of the missing couple were found some days after in the Badgworthy stream. The old stag had waited until they came in view, and then he coolly galloped away until he came to a pool in the Doone Valley, and there he stood up against a granite boulder and faced his enemies. With horns and hoofs he made short work of them, and then he trotted off across the dark moor, brooding over the failure of his hopes.

It will be a long time before the animals can organise another meeting.

F. CARRUTHERS GOULD.



COURTS OF JUSTICE IN BRITISH INDIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY BOYHOOD IN THE EAST."

III.—SAMPLES OF CRIMINAL CASES.

THE prevailing crimes seem to be forms of robbery—often robbery by a gang of sworn confederates, who break into houses and effect their purpose by violence or intimidation. This, of course, is burglary, but it has in India a well-understood description in the word "dacoitie" (which includes highway robbery), and is severely punished because of its element of confederation. There is need for vigorous dealing with it, for it is, in fact, a remnant of the awful system of robbery with murder known as "Thuggie." This appalling form of systematised crime is now absolutely stamped out. But it presents a chapter in the history of human sin that must never be forgotten, and not unfrequently it is forced into recollection by the terrible facts which still blacken the annals of the Courts of India.

I knew well Captain James Paton—a name which ought to be for ever preserved in the history of the British Government of India as associated with the earliest practical measures for the education, under Government auspices, of the youth of India. He was Assistant-Resident at Lucknow, and "the Officer for the Suppression of Thuggism" in the then independent kingdom of Oudh, and placed by Colonel Sleeman (vol. i. p. 119) with another officer in the "foremost rank in this great work." After his death I was favoured with a sight of his private journals, and of his copious records of the evidence taken in his Court from Thugs who became approvers. It is certain that for centuries there existed in most parts of India, and especially in its northern States, hordes of men, in gangs from ten to two or three hundred, of all the races, castes, sects, and religions of the country, who were bound together by awful oaths and secrets to commit robbery on the highway, and always by means of murder. They infested the roads and lurked in the cities under every form of deception, and particularly as itinerant barbers, as giving them the most favourable opportunities, and many of them were actually in situations of trust under the British Government. Each gang was a complete piece of machinery, comprising a priest, an instructor, inveiglers, stranglers, stranglers' assistants, gravediggers, and novices, appointed to their particular duties because of their special qualifications. In Hutchisson's "Pen and Pencil Sketches," recently published, will be found on one page the portrait of an "inveigler" stamped with the characteristics of a smug, plausible, and loquacious hypocrite, and on another that of a stern and remorseless "strangler." There is no doubt that it was common in those days for the police of a district to tolerate, and even co-operate, with these criminals on the condition that they carried on

their diabolical trade in other districts, and did not compromise the officials in their own. Careful examination of the records alluded to shows that while they despised petty theft and robbery through violence, they actually gloried in plunder when secured by strangulation with the "sacred handkerchief," performed in the name of the goddess Kali! Often had my friend sat in his cutcherry with the room and the passages filled with men, traced and captured by his secret emissaries, every one of whom had been at many scenes of murder, and some of whom boasted of having themselves strangled one hundred victims!

I repeat that this chapter in the history of human sin must not be forgotten, and I therefore will place before the reader a few extracts from these confessions, which throw light on the foundation facts of this monstrous iniquity. One man among others exclaimed, "Thieving! Never, never! A thief is a contemptible being! If a banker's treasure were before me, and entrusted to my care, though in hunger and dying, I would spurn to steal; but let a banker be going on a journey, I would certainly murder him! I despise a robber!" Another: "We never steal! What God gives us He gives us in Thuggie. God is the giver; we never steal!" It will be seen that robbery in itself was acknowledged to be criminal, but that when accompanied by murder as an act of worship and obedience to Kali, the criminality was removed. And this devotion to Kali was assumed for the very purpose of condoning the robbery. Hence said one, "Now that I have left off Thuggie, I would fling her image [Kali's] down a well! But were I going on Thuggie, I would, of course, pay my devotions to her. Does she not take all the blame upon herself and we go free?" To a Mohammedan the question was put, "You are a Mussulman. Are not Mussulmans ashamed to worship idols?" And he answered, "It is all on account of Thuggie, for without Bhowanee [another of Kali's names] how should we escape punishment from Thuggie? she takes all the blame." Yet more complete is the statement made by another: "It is God who kills, but Bhowanee has the name of it. If Bhowanee had her will she would kill every human being upon the earth in one day! She thirsts for blood! God has appointed blood for her food, saying, 'Feed thou upon blood!' In my opinion this is very bad; but what can she do, being ordered to subsist on blood? Bhowanee must be fed, and since the British Government has been suppressing our trade of murder, Bhowanee has begun with her own hands to devastate the country with disease and death. Men are everywhere propitiating her;

people in the villages are dying by twenties and forties. Within these last five years of the suppression of Thugs there certainly has been more disease."

The reference to "blood" reminds me that it was believed by these men that it was not enough to strangle their victims, but that Kali



THE INVEIGLER.

must have literally "blood" itself offered to her, and that accordingly not only was there "the sacred handkerchief," but "the sacred knife," presented to the goddess in worship prior to every expedition; and after the strangulation the victim was pierced by the knife and blood thus shed to satisfy the cravings of the goddess! And yet, though these murderers could thus deliberately trample their humanity under foot, and even recite their deeds with evident relish and vaunting, they gave tokens of the presence within them of the gentle and tender instincts of our nature. There is among the records a "Note.—An aged Thug in irons—having become a king's evidence as the condition of his life being spared, and bound to have no concealment, and to aid the Government in the arrest and conviction of all his accomplices—was called into court to confront a party of Thugs in chains, and to point out those he knew. He looked earnestly as he placed himself successively in front of each, at one, and then at another, and, fixing his eyes upon a handsome youth in chains, before whom he stood, the old man wept—it was his own son, Binda, whom he thus recognised at the bar of justice. The son, a professional murderer, could no longer restrain his feelings. Seeing his aged father weep, he also burst into tears."

After reference to this incident, the question was put to some Thugs under examination, "Do not these feelings of kindness sometimes make you relent from your purpose of putting your fellow-tra-

vellers to death?" And one, replying for the rest, answered, "Yes; we sometimes feel compassion. On one occasion, some seven or eight years ago, we were a gang of forty Thugs, and some eleven miles from Lucknow, on the Cawnpore road, we met a very handsome youth, a native officer of rank, on horseback, in the King of Oudh's service, who had a camel with him and six sepoy and some servants, and some one or two thousand rupees. We inveigled him, and accompanied him to the 'bail' [place selected for the murder]. Every Thug was ready for the destruction of the youth and his whole party, stranglers being all ready for their work—two men for each traveller. The light of the fire fell upon the countenance of the fair and handsome young man doomed to death, who was the head of the party, and as he sat upon his horse he looked so very beautiful that we all felt compassion. I was appointed to seize the reins of his horse, another to strangle, and our leader, who had inveigled the youth, was appointed to drag him from his horse; but so beautiful was he, as the light of the fire fell upon his face, that we could not find it in our hearts to kill him, so we let him and his whole company pass on their way, though it was a rich prize—a camel and many rupees and much property. It often happens that we thus let men off from pity."*

I place before the reader a story told me by the same authority, which will show the methods



THE STRANGLER.

adopted by these murderers, and illustrate the marvellous cunning which is still at work in the perpetration of crime in India. A native gentleman, who had come to Lucknow for a sum of money, was returning to his residence at some distance in the country. He was a Mussulman of powerful build, and well armed, and started upon

* These extracts are from a short sketch of Captain Paton's life, printed in 1848 for local circulation.

a strong and fleet horse. As he journeyed he reached a plantation, and, after safely passing through, was leaving it, when, lo! two men, in rags and dust, stretched out their arms, and cried, "For Allah's sake, give us alms! we are dying from want of food!" but, brandishing his whip around him, he galloped past. In the evening he arrived at a khan (inn), in which he purposed resting for the night. There he found among the occupants three Mussulman gentlemen, who, entering casually into conversation with him, stated that they were travelling together for the sake of safety, and had a considerable amount of coin with them, some of which they, as by accident, let him see. As it turned out that their journey, at least for some distance, was on the same road, they begged to be allowed to accompany him, and be further protected by his arms; but he, remarking that their horses were not so fleet as his, and his business was urgent, politely declined their society. He therefore in the morning started without them. Towards sunset he was approaching his destination, but had to pass over a track of treeless and sandy country, and here his eye was arrested by an open grave with a body at its side wrapt in grave clothes, with its head towards Mecca, and two men standing by. As they caught sight of him they ran towards him bemoaning the fate of their friend, and crying, "For Allah's sake, have compassion! Our brother is dead, and we know not the words of the futwah [opening chapter of the Kurán], and dare not bury him without uttering them. *You* must know them; if you desire salvation you will come and repeat them. Have pity, for Allah's sake!" Here was a sore test of the piety and loyalty demanded by his faith. As soon as a man is laid in his grave—so reads the legend—the two angels of judgment will address him, one to take cognisance of his good deeds, and the other of his evil deeds, and the first question will be, Was the futwah recited when he was buried? To suffer a man to be buried without it was to bring upon himself the curse of Allah and his prophet ("blessings on his head!"), and for this he will have himself, when buried, to suffer through the angels of judgment. How can he refuse? He gets off his horse and approaches the grave. But he must not recite the words on so solemn an occasion with arms upon him. These are taken off and laid on the ground. The two men stand one on each side of him, and, kneeling, he begins the recitation. But scarcely have the opening words been uttered before the two men drag him to the earth, and the body in the grave clothes springs to his neck, and in a few seconds he is strangled, stabbed, robbed of his gold, and buried in the grave. All the men who had accosted him in his journey were Thugs, and one of them, in proof of the murder, led the way to the grave, where the bones of their hunted victim were found.*

* I was not aware till after this narrative had been written that the story had ever appeared in print. I find it is given by Sleeman, in his "Rambles and Recollections," published 1844, vol. i. p. 106, but with some additions and variations. I give the story as originally told me by the high official already named, to whose province belonged the victim and the criminals.

It has been already stated that happily the systematised atrocities belonging to Thuggie have passed away, but this reference has been made to them because they represent the materials and influences which yet exist. No doubt the love and habit of plunder was at the root of the system. The representations of the divinity worshipped accord with the characteristics uniformly ascribed to the present day to this national goddess. There is assuredly sufficient explanation in them for any degree of atrocious cruelty that may be found in those who really adore and serve such an ideal of the Divine. But probably the special conceptions indicated were largely fabricated for the purpose of deceiving these criminals into the belief that they might pursue their trade of plunder with impunity. The same human nature ready for unscrupulous methods of obtaining gain is everywhere in India, and the same intense and busy cunning, and the same terrible divinity is regnant throughout the country. It is the power of Britain that destroyed this ancient and horrible system of diabolical crime, and but for that power, probably, it or something like it, would reassert itself. And indeed long after its suppression in our old provinces it was discovered and put down in the Punjab. ("Life of Lord Lawrence," vol. i. pp. 298-9.) At any rate, much of the same close confederacy and astute entrapments are found in the dacoitie of the present day, taxing to the utmost the keenest intelligence and the profoundest sagacity of our Courts in discovering the ways and means of such crime. Let the reader observe how much of the spirit, and even the method of murder belonging to Thuggie are to be found in the following case. It was narrated to me by a judge as being the last sentence of death pronounced by him before leaving for a recent visit to England.

In a cluster of villages at some distance from the head station there had been a succession of incendiary fires attended by robbery. It was evident that there was a gang of marauders at work, and very adroitly did they do their business, managing in the midst of the confusion and alarm caused by the fires in the night to get hold of money, jewels, and other property, and run off with them. Suspicion at last rested on one man in particular as the leader of the gang, and eyes and ears were everywhere on the alert to discover him if possible in the very act. One night an attempt to break through the house of a villager was arrested by the timely waking up of the occupants, and the suspected man was caught on the spot. His accomplices escaped, but one remained at a short distance in hiding, and watched the subsequent proceedings, and, turning approver, gave important testimony at the trial which took place. It came out in the evidence that as soon as their prisoner was in their power his captors resolved on personally inflicting some dire punishment. But nothing was to be done hastily. They bound the poor wretch tightly and sent for the headman of the village. On his arrival he exclaimed, "This is the villain that has been burning our houses. We will take care he never does such a thing again." Under his direction some stout bamboos were obtained, the man stretched on his

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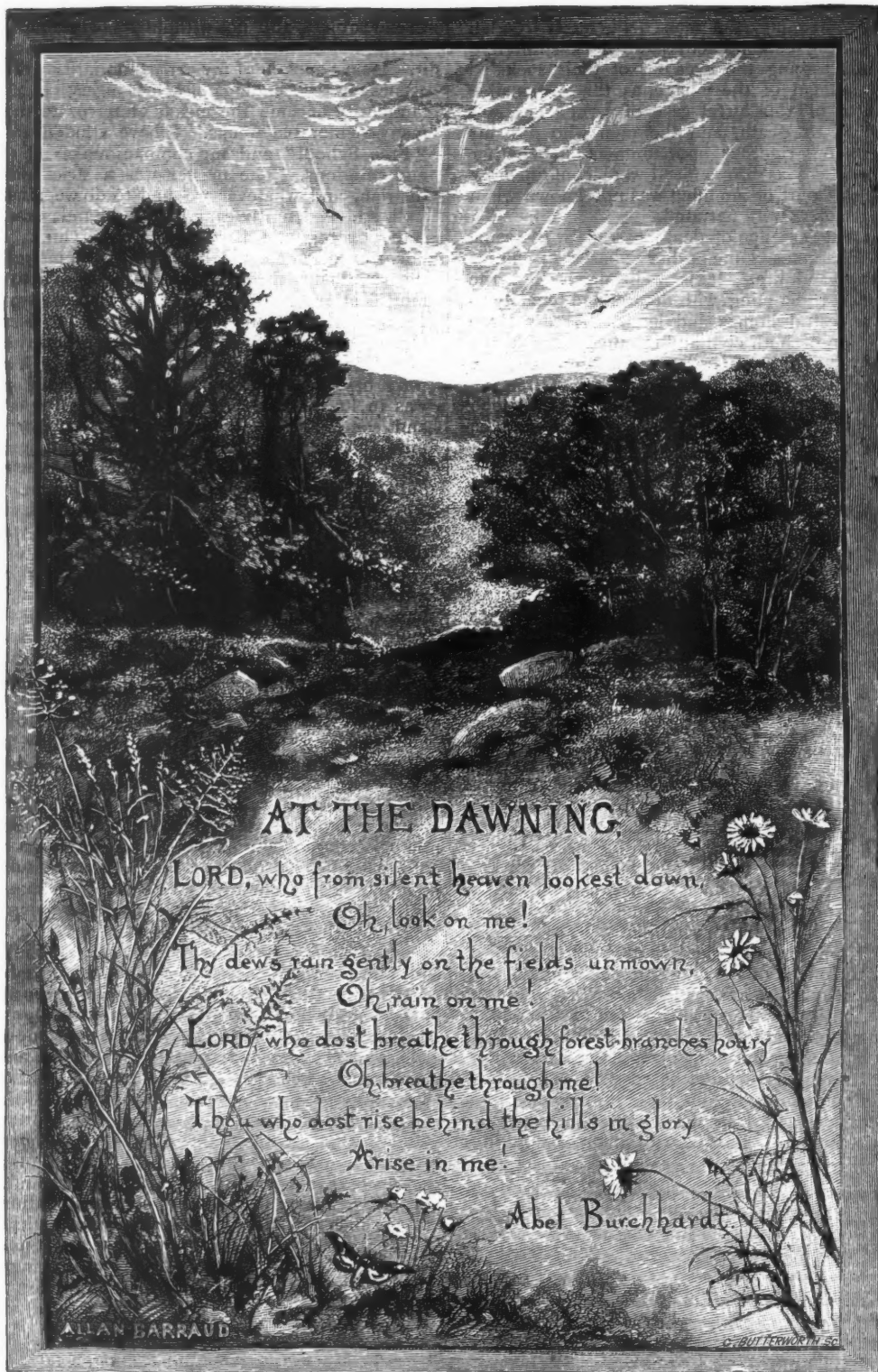
back, the bamboos laid across his neck and chest and abdomen, and the man deliberately trodden to death, the bamboo across the neck strangling him and forcing the eyes out of their sockets! The headman of the village, as the responsible instigator of this awful case of Lynch law, was sentenced to death, and the men who did his bidding to "rigorous imprisonment." Whether the sentences as pronounced were confirmed by the High Court or modified was not known when the particulars were narrated.

The first sentence of death passed by the same judge illustrates some other phases of native character and life. It is well-known that the people of India cling with determined tenacity to their ancestral homes and lands. A very large proportion of both civil and criminal cases in the Courts have to do with efforts to retain or recover the presumed rights in such matters. Often the disputes relate to questions of rent and privilege between zemindars (landowners) and their tenants, and become so violent as to lead to riot and fighting. Sometimes the quarrel is between one village with its *punchayet* (council of five, a system of communal rulership which the British Government is seeking to restore to its ancient importance and universality) and the nearest village.* In the present instance there had long been a dispute as to the proprietorship of a strip of land lying between the recognised boundaries of territory severally belonging to two neighbouring villages. Some circumstances had recently occurred to embitter the controversy, and party feeling on the question had become vehement. Alas! a little boy belonging to one of the villagers was seen by an old man and a young man of the other village on the plot of ground leading about a goat which was quietly nibbling the scant herbage to be found. The evidence as to the action of the young man was conflicting, and the judge, though believing the probabilities were against him, gave him the benefit of the doubt, but it was proved that the old man fetched a chopper for cutting wood, rushed upon the lad, and hacked his body to pieces! And here let me observe that I am given to understand that in our Courts in India technical objections and accidental flaws are not allowed to cause delay or miscarriage of justice, but that judges are expected to pronounce judgments according to the convictions reached by them after patient and unbiassed consideration of the facts before them as they appear in the light of common sense.

The reader will, I think, thank me for concluding this chapter of horrors with a story belonging

to my boyhood, which, while having some relation to the subject, and not without its lessons for the young, has certainly something serio-comic about it. I have spoken of my early familiarity with the scenes and proceedings of courts of justice. This familiarity became the means of terror to me for many memorable weeks. I have alluded to the "Free School" and my companions of all races and religions. The master was a strict disciplinarian, and whatever we had to do we must do well, and be smartly caned on the hands or other orthodox region till we had satisfied him. Any talker or idler detected by him was summoned by the cane being thrown at him, and, to add to the mortification, he had to pick it up and carry to the master the instrument of his own punishment. One of the subjects of his instruction was the art of making goose quills into quill pens. Those were days when the manufacture of steel pens was in its infancy, and they were very imperfect and somewhat costly. Unfortunately I was a miserable hand at this accomplishment, and it happened one afternoon that I had spoilt several quills and received many strokes, first on one hand and then on the other, for my clumsiness, or carelessness, or indolence—I do not know to which of the many bad qualities in me the master ascribed it—till at last I rushed to my seat in a furious passion, wildly tossing about my tingling hands, with a quill in one hand and an open pen-knife in the other. As I did this a Chinese boy moved from his class in my direction, and alas! received into his cheek a thrust from the pen-knife. He shrieked like a madman, and ran into the middle of the school with the blood flowing down from the scar to the floor, and all eyes were turned on me as I stood aghast at what I had done. My name was put down in the punishment book. I said nothing about it at home. Punishments were settled, in imitation of the procedure of the neighbouring Court, by a jury of the senior boys of the school. When Saturday arrived six names were called out by the master, and the jury retired to a corner, and drew up an indictment, and sentenced the culprit. I was charged with passionately and cruelly wounding an unoffending schoolfellow, and sentenced to carry during school hours for a week an upright log of wood chained to the right or left ankle, with a ring at the top by which it was moved. The sentence was confirmed by the master, and I thus spent a week in shame and misery. But this was not all. The boy's father determined, Chinaman like, to get money out of his son's misfortune. He followed me to my home, and discovering me at play threatened me with all the terrors of the court house, too vividly known by me, and finding my father willing to buy my indemnity, continued to dog my steps and persecute me with his threats for weeks, driving me into hiding-places in our house and grounds, but cleverly managing to secure a harvest of coin from my kindhearted and apologetic parent.

* Prof. Max Müller, in the article already referred to, remarks (p. 692), "Take a man out of his village community, and you remove him from all the restraints of society. . . . Even between village and village the usual restraints of public morality are not always recognised. What would be called theft or robbery at home is called a successful raid or conquest if directed against a distant village, and what would be falsehood or trickery in private life is honoured by the name of policy and diplomacy if successful against strangers." See story in Lord Lawrence's *Life*, vol. i., p. 114, "The Disputed Boundary." Another story belonging to the subject of this chapter will be found on page 83, "The Widow and her Money-bags."



AT THE DAWNING.

LORD, who from silent heaven lookest down,
Oh, look on me!

Thy dew's rain gently on the fields unmown,
Oh, rain on me!

LORD, who dost breathe through forest branches hoary
Oh, breathe through me!

Thou who dost rise behind the hills in glory
Arise in me!

Abel Burchhardt.

ALLAN BARRAUD

G. BUTTERWORTH SC.

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THE PRAYER OF KEPLER.

UNDER this title, M. de Quatrefages, member of the French Academy, has published in a recent number of the "Magasin Pittoresque" a remarkable paper on the relations of Science and Religion. In our own country, where all our great scientific men, from the time of Newton and Ray to that of Brewster and Faraday, with a few exceptions, have been firm believers in Revealed as well as in Natural religion, a popular appeal on the subject may seem scarcely required. But in France the flood of anti-religious and materialistic literature, issued frequently under the mask of science, has led M. de Quatrefages to lift up the standard of faith in religion. Such a protest, from one whose position is so high and whose name is so honoured, has the greater significance from his being a *savant* well versed in those branches of science now most in fashion, and most ostentatiously hostile to religious belief. Among his many other scientific treatises, that entitled "L'Espèce Humaine" has passed through seven editions, and is of high authority among all students of natural science. But let us hear the distinguished "membre de l'Institut."

"It is sometimes asserted that science is incompatible not merely with a positive and dogmatic religion, but even with that exalted spiritualism which, apart from the special doctrines of different creeds, sees in this universe the impress of a Divine will, and recognises in man destinies other than those which he accomplishes on this terrestrial globe. They who hold such language know little of science and little of history.

The study of nature and its laws, so far from removing religious feelings, brings almost irresistibly such ideas to any one who is occupied ever so little in questions of this kind. Religion and science, each in its sphere, appeal to instincts which are found amongst all people, amongst the most debased as well as the most enlightened; and which ennoble the loftiest human faculties. Undoubtedly conceptions vary according to times and places, and they are also modified by different minds, but among the highest conceptions obtained from the widest knowledge of natural phenomena, it is seldom that the man of science does not meet with a multitude of related and generalised facts, or laws, which impress on him the belief of a Legislator and Creator.

The majority of men of science have not had occasion to declare publicly their religious convictions. Their private life must be revealed before we can know what they have thought of those important problems which the multitude debate about to-day, without having the necessary data to pronounce any opinion. However, there are a certain number who have loudly avowed their convictions. It may be said that they have been obliged to do so by the very nature of their researches, which have brought about as it were an outburst of feeling, awakened and exalted by the

spectacle of creation. And these are not obscure dabblers in science, who at times utter cries of enthusiasm and of adoration; they are the most distinguished of scientific men, the founders themselves of our knowledge concerning these matters; they are men whom a grateful posterity always places in the first rank in the annals of science.

Linnæus, from whom modern zoology and botany have their date, has taken for the motto of his 'System of Nature' these words of the psalmist:

'O Lord, how manifold are Thy works!
In wisdom hast Thou made them all.'

The magnificent introduction of this immortal book goes on with this language: 'The design of the creation of the earth is the glory of God;' and when the distinguished author and naturalist goes on to describe the characteristics of all things which compose the empire of nature, and arrives at man, he places among the attributes of this being raised above all others, veneration for his Creator.

By the side of Linnæus, who was known to all as a believer, may be placed another naturalist, not less distinguished, who, although considering himself free to reject certain dogmas, nevertheless was anything but a materialist. Buffon attributed to natural movements the formation of our entire planetary system. He first attempted to illustrate our cosmogony by direct experiment and observation, and was led by his studies to assign to our earth a much older date of formation than was at that time accepted, or than ordinary calculations allow. By a variety of fanciful theories, and his acceptance of sundry opinions, the details of which it is not necessary to mention, Buffon separated himself from orthodox doctrines, and deserved to be placed in the number of Freethinkers, then called Philosophers. He proclaimed not the less openly his belief in the existence of God and of the human soul. These words occur very often from his pen; and here is how he terminates his Treatise on the Nature of Animals:—'God alone knows the past, the present, and the future; He is of all times and knows all times. Man, whose duration is but for a few moments, sees only those moments. But in Him a living and immortal power compares these moments, distinguishes them, arranges them; it is by this power that He knows the present, that He judges of the past, and that He foresees the future. Take from man this divine light, and you degrade and darken his being; there remains only an animal existence.'

Lamarck, who is often described as an atheist, whom some have termed the French Linnæus, and who certainly was the precursor of Darwin,—Lamarck, who advocated spontaneous generation, and who derives the animal and higher vegetable species by gradual evolution from Infusoria and

seaweeds,—Lamarck proclaimed very expressly and on different occasions the existence of God. He distinguishes the Creator of all things from the laws which govern the universe, and which we call Nature. He said, amongst other things that he has written, in the Introduction of his *Natural History of the Non-Vertebrated Animals*: 'Some have thought Nature and God to be the same.

... Strange idea! They have confounded the watch with the maker of the watch, the work with its author. Assuredly this idea is untenable. ... Nature is nothing save the intermediate agency between God and the parts of the physical universe, for the execution of the Divine Will.'

Geoffry St. Hilaire, who inclines in some respects both to Lamarck and to Buffon, and has reduced to precise laws the formation of those monsters which were regarded until his time as the sports or errors of nature—Geoffry St. Hilaire was a sincerely religious man. He began and ended one of his works with this exclamation: 'Glory be to God.' He also believed in a human soul and in a future beyond the tomb. In the book which he devoted to the history of his father, Isidore Geoffroy, he informs us that, finding himself near his end, he said to his beloved daughter, 'We are going to part; we shall find ourselves together again.'

We cannot be surprised to meet with these spiritual sentiments amongst men devoted to the study of organised beings. The naturalist—the zoologist particularly—finds himself continually in presence of life, the manifestations of which, infinite in appearance, but always tending to a small number of general types, irresistibly suggest the thought of an organising will. Some other sciences, and especially astronomy, produce impressions somewhat different. Undoubtedly it is for the reflecting mind a grand and sublime spectacle, that myriads of celestial bodies move in infinite space, each one according to its rank, and with marvellous order. But of this order we comprehend the immediate cause; these movements can be calculated for the past, and foreseen also in the future with wonderful precision. We may think ourselves here in the presence of something unchangeable, and of unalterable fate. The idea of necessity may tend to hide that of an intelligent power having fashioned and regulated this horologe of the ages. And yet even in astronomy the princes of the science have escaped from this tendency. From the laws which they have discovered they have learnt how to rise to the belief of a Divine Lawgiver.

It is sufficient to mention in this place only two illustrious names among many—that of Kepler, who discovered the laws of the movements of the heavenly bodies; and that of Newton, who, by giving reasons for these laws, and by showing that they are the necessary consequence of universal attraction, made the greatest discovery that honours human intelligence. Both these men were profoundly religious, and had a piety which almost bordered upon mysticism. We know that Newton attempted to comment on the Apocalypse. As to Kepler, he has left us a touching testimony of his

sentiments in a prayer placed by him at the end of one of his works. Here is a translation of that prayer:

'Before quitting this table upon which I have made all my researches, it only remains for me to raise my eyes and my hands towards heaven, and address with devotion my humble prayer to the Author of all illumination.

'Oh! Thou who, by the glorious light which Thou hast shed over all nature, raisest our desires up to the sacred light of Thy grace, in order that we may be one day transported unto the eternal light of Thy glory, I give Thee thanks, my Lord and my Creator, for all the joys that I have experienced, in the ecstasies into which I have been thrown by the contemplation of the work of Thy hands! Now I have completed this book which contains the fruit of my labours, and I have used in composing it the whole of the intelligence that Thou hast given me. I have set forth before men the grandeur of Thy works; I have explained these mysteries as well as my finite mind has permitted me to embrace the infinite extent of them. I have made all efforts to arrive at truth by the ways of philosophy; and if it has occurred to me—a despicable worm, conceived and brought up in sin—to say anything unworthy of Thee, make me know it, in order that I may remove it. Have I allowed myself to cherish any self-complacent presumption in the presence of the admirable beauties of Thy works? Have I proposed to myself my own renown among men by raising this monument, which ought to have been consecrated entirely to Thy glory? Oh! if it has been so, receive me in Thy clemency and mercy, and grant me this favour: that the work I have just finished may ever be powerless to do evil, and that it may contribute to Thy glory, and to the good of souls!'

I shall refrain from adding the least comment on this utterance of humble and devout adoration."

Be Just and Fear not.

Do right, whate'er the issue be,
Leave the result to Him
Who with All-Wisdom's eyes can see
Where mortal sight is dim.

Do right, and on right's strength rely,
Nor fear what will befall;
Heaven soon or late will justify
Thy act and thee to all.

Yet, if misjudged thou be, what then?
Be stainless in God's sight;
Why need'st thou heed the thoughts of men,
When He will judge thee right?

—W. C. BENNETT.

OUR BLUE PATIENT.

THERE is a delightful spot in the North London district where five roads, meeting each other at all sort of acute and obtuse angles, give to the luckless foot-passenger at least ten different streams of vehicles to confuse and affright him, whenever his business obliges him to cross the carriage-way at that particular point. Along two of these roads omnibuses roll in many-coloured streams, with a due proportion of cabs and light carts; a third road contributes a heavy traffic of waggons, drays, and goods-carts, while the two other roads supply an admixture of vehicles both heavy and light, all shabby, and all driven in haste. On Mondays and Thursdays, moreover, the place was (at the time of which I write) overflowed by flocks of bewildered and footsore sheep, and no less tired, but more often angry, oxen, who loudly bleated and bellowed out their woes, as they strayed and dawdled about in the specially helpless and imbecile manner peculiar to cattle going through town. Add to this chronic state of things a shower of hansom cabs, rattling along, as thick and fast as the stones in a hail-storm, at certain hours of the day, obedient to the shrill summons of the railway terminus bell, and a steam road-engine snorting along at intervals, and usually preceded by an affrighted dray-horse flying in terror from the steam monster, and you have a rough idea of some of the special charms of this spot at the period of my story. In the centre of this hurly-burly a tall lamp with a small strip of surrounding pavement and posts seemed to promise a refuge to the bewildered foot-passenger; and I have seen timid people lured on to that delusive haven of refuge and helplessly cast away there as on a desert island, whilst raging billows of cabs and carts dashed ceaselessly around them, splashing them from head to foot with the specially thick black mud which abounds in that quarter, and cutting them off from all assistance and all chance of landing on the peaceful pavement towards which they cast longing eyes.

It is not surprising, under these untoward circumstances, that from time to time a patient should be brought into some of the adjacent hospitals—for there are several in that locality—gasping out, as well as broken bones and bruises will let him, that he has been “caught between two carts,” or “knocked down under the wheels of a cab.” Sometimes they cannot even gasp, but lie blankly insensible while others tell how they came by their injuries. Of this last species was a man brought in to us one February afternoon just as the day was closing. A dull February afternoon it had been—a grey leaden sky above, greasy, clinging mud underfoot, and a raw damp atmosphere in between.

In the hospital receiving-room, although it was but four o'clock, the gaslights were doing duty for the sun—absent without leave of the hospital authorities—and ere another half hour had elapsed gas was burning brilliantly also in the operating-

room. The surgeon of the week had been sent for; also the patient's wife, from whom permission was obtained to proceed at once with the operation necessary for the injured man's safety. Close under the gaslight stood the surgeon and his assistant. The head-nurse was ready with the instruments and sponges. In a few minutes the administrator of the chloroform gave the word to begin, and swiftly and deftly the operator commenced. Briefly spoken directions alone broke the silence, as with bended head, never swerving hand, and intent eye, he prosecuted his responsible task—no less a task than the amputation of the sorely injured foot. The operation was at length duly concluded, the limb “put up,” and the still unconscious patient borne back to bed. After a while he woke out of his chloroform, unusually brisk, very restless, in some pain, and in much excitement, being evidently of a naturally excitable temperament.

His chief trouble was somewhat peculiar. It was not that he had lost a foot, it was not that he was thrown out of work by the accident, it was not that he was suffering enough pain to make most men grumble if not groan. It was, that his daily labour being among indigo had stained his limbs with a deep and apparently indelible blue, and he feared that the doctors and nurses would think him a dirty patient. The poor little man's anxiety upon the point became most ludicrous. “Had we washed his foot before it was taken off? He feared not, because the remaining ankle still looked blue.” “Had we told the doctor that it was not dirt but only the stain of his daily work, which he could not help?” and a dozen other like questions. He was very hard to be soothed, was this odd, excitable little man; very hard to be convinced that we had no doubt as to his due attention to cleanliness and the personal proprieties; very absurdly persistent in impressing upon our minds that the colour of dirt proper was mostly black, whereas the prevailing tint of his skin was very decidedly blue. And thus it came about that, by universal consent, and apparently much to his own satisfaction, he was dubbed “our blue patient,” and that his legitimate patronymic, though it appeared on his certificates of incapacity for work and on his diet-board, was never otherwise used during his stay in hospital.

Eleven o'clock sounding out from the sleepy-toned clock upon the staircase some two or three days after the admission of the blue patient, proclaimed that another dull February day had nearly ended, and soft moonlight struggling through a yet hazy atmosphere seemed to promise that the next morning might be of a brighter and cheerier sort. Hark! what unlawful and improper sound was that I heard? Voices talking in the men's ward at eleven o'clock at night? I went softly towards the door of the inner ward, which opened out into the room from which the sound proceeded. No one suspected that the lady-superin-

tendant was in that inner ward; she was supposed to be fast asleep upstairs in her own bed-chamber. They did not know that the "extra" engaged that night to watch the insensible and fast-sinking head case in that small ward had failed to come, and that therefore the head-nurse was doing duty there herself instead. "Ha, ha, my friends," said the head-nurse to herself, "you ignorantly think that it's a case of 'when the cat's away.'" And so saying she crept softly to the intervening door, opened it just half an inch, and peeping through, beheld those naughty mice of hers at play after a fashion calculated to fill the mind of any well-regulated nurse with indignant horror.

There, at eleven o'clock at night, were the gas-lights flaring away at full cock; they had with wicked ingenuity turned them up with the ends of their crutches. There was the Irish night nurse (dismissed the next day) peacefully snoring with her head on the table, close to the remains of her supper. There, in the mingled glare of fire and gaslight were some dozen pale, eager faces belonging to the maimed and crippled recusants who were sitting up in their beds, their heads all inclined in one direction, and apparently listening with great attention. And there, in the bed by the fire, was the prime mover of the mischief, our blue patient, haranguing his companions with fluent speech and great energy. He had turned himself partly round out of his bed and was nursing the injured leg with both arms across the other knee, while he very discreetly warmed it at the fire.

Now I frankly confess that, as a conscientious head-nurse, I ought to have interrupted the man then and there, broken up this picturesque scene, turned down the gas, and given them a good scolding all round, for such glaring violation of hospital rules. But the picture was so striking that I paused for a moment to contemplate it, and then I found myself listening with involuntary interest to what the blue patient was saying, and paused still longer to listen, intending each moment to go in and give them that scolding which was their due, but delaying ever a moment more ere I did it. These were the first words that I chanced to hear when I opened the door: "Aye, but it's a terrible thing, mates, to be tried for your life. I can never think of it without a shudder, and yet I can't help a-thinking of it 'most always. I had to stand still and silent, and hear the gentleman that was prosecuting of me put everything against me in the worst light his clever tongue could find to put it in, and I mightn't say a word, though I could hardly keep the 'No, no, no,' from bursting out of my mouth as he went on making out his side of the tale. I must keep quiet, quite quiet, as if I'd naught to say, and hear him suppose this and suppose the other to fill up the breaks in the story that made against me, and show that I'd had a plenty of reasons for doing of it, when I'd no more reason than for climbing to the top of St. Paul's. And then he called the witnesses—his witnesses—to say where I'd been seen, and how I'd looked, and what I'd said, and what I'd done—and what I'd *not* said nor done too. It was astonishing to see what a fine story that there clever

gentleman made out of it all, and it was frightening too to me who knew there wasn't really no story at all to be made out. How the things that had happened and the words that had been said seemed to gather round me and hem me in! Mates, I declare to you that at last they seemed to me to be somehow live things with a cruel purpose in 'em—rising up, rising up, one after another, pointing at me with their horrid fingers, pressing upon me to crush the life out of me. And I as innocent as a new-born babe. Still I wasn't wholly down-hearted. Said I to myself, 'You may hem me in and press me hard, but I've got *my* facts to fight you off with yet, and you *can't* prove that I've done the horrid deed—for sure what's not been done at all, can't anyhow by any clever talk be made out to have been done, clean against the truth of things.' And just as I says so to myself they called their last witness. I knew him directly he stepped into the box. A man as owed me a grudge because he'd been doing unfair by the master—his and mine—and I'd felt it my duty to complain."

"And so he foreswore himself against you?" broke in one of the eager auditors, with a tone of indignant scorn.

"No, mate, he did not quite do that; but he did nigh as bad for me. He was a lad with a mighty clever tongue, and he spoke this way and that way, round about the truth, not straightforwardlike, and he somehow managed to forget all that went to prove me innocent, and to remember hard and sharp two awkward looking facts that looked to go dead against me—worse against me than anything else that had yet been said. They would have looked right enough—as they were, and as you'll hear presently—if he'd said the whole story straight through; but, taken by themselves, the way he put 'em, they seemed to make out that I, and nobody else, must certain sure have been the murderer. God forgive me! but his wickedness 'most made me what he wanted to prove me; for I reads my Bible, mates, and it says that if a man hates his brother—that's any of his mates, I take it; and I take it, too, that it means, hates him so as he would be glad to see him dead—well, then, if he does that, it says he's as bad as a downright murderer. And I did hate him," added the little man, his high-pitched, excited voice dropping to an awed whisper—"I did hate him; just so. I saw him awhile since, quite unexpected—just before I stumbled up against that there cab and got my foot done for; I saw him hereabouts in this neighbourhood. He'd tools with him, and seemed going to work somewhere nigh. The Lord help me! but though the trial's over and gone this twelve years and more, I felt all the old anger rise up in me against him as if it would choke me."

"But you got off, mate?" here asked another of his listeners.

"Yes, yes; I got off," he made answer; "it was proved clear enough at last that I was not the wretch that had done it. But that fellow's evidence hunted me hard into a corner and nearly got me hanged. What hours the jury talked! It seemed as if I'd lived to be an old man before they comed

out and said as how they'd agreed, 'Not guilty.' And then—and then—and then—" the eager voice dropped off into a vacillating whisper, and the narrator stretched his hands out suddenly yet feebly. For a moment he seemed to be feeling about for something in the air, while he stared vacantly before him; and then he abruptly collapsed and fell back among his pillows. Our little blue friend had fainted.

I stepped hastily forward. A thin stream of red flowing from the overheated and pendant leg was meandering slowly along the snowy boards. As I thus unexpectedly appeared, the change in the aspect of the group of invalids would have provoked my laughter had I not been too anxious to be tempted to mirth. Everybody vanished under their respective coverlets with the swiftness of magic. They might have been all dead for the sudden stillness and silence that prevailed.

"Hope as there's not much amiss with him, ma'am?" one, bolder and more alarmed for his comrade than the rest, ventured to ask in a sufficiently affrighted tone.

"No thanks to you if there is not. This comes of breaking hospital rules," I said, speaking, I fear, with the more asperity because I was annoyed with myself, and felt myself very much to blame in the matter for not having stopped the man's talk before.

It proved, to my great relief, that there was not any serious harm done. A few simple measures stayed the hæmorrhage and recovered the patient from his swoon, and in the end no appreciable retardation took place in his favourable recovery. But I do not think that batch of patients ever again broke the smallest rule during their stay in hospital, and the blue patient himself, with that exaggerated susceptibility which seemed part of the little man's nature, was profoundly and even inconveniently conscientious for the future. He would do nothing without asking leave, and required special permission for the most obviously innocent trifles. "There, hold your tongue!" the under-nurse would at last exclaim in a pet; "there's the hospital rules printed out large and clear a-hanging against the wall. Just you learn 'em right off by heart, and all that they don't say you mayn't do just you do, and don't a-bother me no more." With which lucid and concise direction she extinguished the blue patient whenever his scrupulosity flamed up afresh. On the point of finishing the story of his trial he was deaf to all entreaties. "No, no; I got into trouble once telling that. Besides, where would be the good? it's not mighty interesting to any one but me. And mayhap it might make me feel angry again. Best every way to let it be." And so we never learned any further particulars of that episode in his past life.

Several weeks passed, and spring was gaining softly on us. One day there was a sudden sound in the entrance-hall and along the passage below, as of a small regiment tramping heavily in. Ah me! I knew the sound well; the half regular tread of many feet going in pairs of two, each two pairs keeping scrupulously even step regardless of all the other couples. A serious accident had hap-

pened, and they were bringing both the dead and the injured to our keeping. It was a terrible time. Of all that were brought in to us, four men only were carried on into the wards, which all through the long morning, and many times too in the afternoon, were full of the quiet, quick footsteps of surgeons coming and going with grave faces and watchful care. A few hours more, and two of the four were dead. One of them was a plate-layer. A sweet-faced, middle-aged woman had kept watch with me by his bedside, paralysed by the sudden calamity that had fallen upon her, and wailing out from time to time the praises of the dying man, "the most God-fearing man and the kindest, best husband that ever any woman had." But now, the kind, lamented husband, all unconscious of his wife's fast flowing tears, lay motionless. His face had a dignity and goodness about its rough lines and homely contour which seemed to justify the poor wife's loving praises of his life; and as he lay there with the soil of his just commenced morning's work still fresh upon his coarse jacket and his labour-hardened hands, one could not but wonder, with reverent awe and a certain sympathising joy, what kind of occupation it would be that this son of toil should find in the long, bright future before him.

After awhile the stricken widow went out to break the news to those at home, and to make her sad preparations for taking away her dead; and I sat me down between the two beds in a dreamy mood, which was half fatigue and half meditativeness. I looked at the countenance of the other man, a railway navvy, trying as I looked to repel the ungracious thought that there was some lack there of the dignity and goodness which were conspicuous in the face of his comrade. Suddenly I became aware that some one was standing near me, looking over my shoulder, and turning my head, I saw "the blue patient." He was gazing fixedly at the dead navvy. I have said that he was a very excitable person, and when I saw his face grow almost as pallid as the one he looked upon, and his limbs tremble so that I mechanically extended my arm to support him in his forward progress to the bedside of the dead man, I only took it for a fresh evidence of his nervous temperament, sympathetically shaken perhaps by some thought of how near he too had been a short while since to peril of life as well as limb. But after a minute's awed silence he spoke, and the cause of his agitation was made clear. "It's him," he said, in a low voice; "it's the man who gave evidence against me. Oh, God forgive me! I was feeling angry against him not a month ago." The tears gathered in his eyes, but some inward dread seemed to freeze them there, and they never fell. "I'm a-trying to think," he said, after a pause, "if I'd got over it—if I'd forgiven him—if I'd put that wicked anger quite away out of my mind. God help me! it would be a dreadful thing to be angry still with a dead man."

I was much moved by his evident distress, as well as startled by this unexpected recognition, but after a moment's thought I spoke to him soothingly.

"Your very anxiety," I said, "may surely be its own relief. If you were still cherishing a lurking anger against him you would almost instinctively seek to justify yourself in it. Be comforted; I do not think you hate him now. I believe you will soon, if you do not already, wholly and freely forgive him."

The little man, usually so loquacious, made no answer, except a wan smile cast hastily in my direction, which died away almost before it began. He bent towards the board hanging at the bed-head, and read the patient's name, which was written there, together with his case, treatment, and diet. "It's he, sure enough," murmured "the blue patient," and with that he turned silently away, tottered back to the outer ward, and there, lying down on his bed, drew the curtains close about the bed-head, evidently wishing to be left alone with his own thoughts. As for myself, tired and hungry, I went to my own room to get a little rest and food.

In about twenty minutes a tap came at the door, and Assistant-nurse Linton's broad, good-humoured face, and short, round figure appeared in answer to my "Come in." "The other wife has come, ma'am," said she, "the navy's wife. She's terrible cut up, though not like the broken ribs' wife was. This one seems most cut up about the children. She's got five of 'em; two twins, and the eldest only six."

"Poor thing! and enough too to make her feel cut up," said I. "I will be down to see her in a moment, Linton. How are the other two men?"

"Oh, they're doing finely; they're asleep. No fear of them; got a bit of a shock, that's all." Linton was always as confident in her diagnosis as if she had been a physician of many years standing. "And, do you know, ma'am," she went on, evidently brimming over with news and curiosity, "that that there blue patient has been very queer, and has put himself uncommon forward about it?"

"About what, Linton?" asked I, hoping to pick up a grain of desirable information out of her bushel of gossip.

"About the wife, the navy's wife, ma'am. No sooner does he hear who she is, than up he gets off his bed, and he walks straight into the inner ward as silent and as bold as you please, and never says a word to me, nor asks any leave at all—and he's mostly such a chattering, frightened little body, like a sparrow a-chirping and a-hopping about the place all day. And there he is with her now, comforting her like, it seems; and she's a-crying and a-thanking him by turns. I heard so much, and then I come away to tell you, ma'am, as in duty bound."

"Very well, Linton; quite right. I will be down directly, as I said just now. And, Linton, you had better not disturb the poor wife and the blue patient. He and the husband knew each other, I believe; so it's natural enough they should like to talk together about her trouble."

"Very well, ma'am, if them's your orders I won't go in."

And therewith Linton departed. But I confess that I was not quite easy in my own mind as to what that excitable little man's discretion might

be allowing him to say to the poor widow, and in a few minutes I went downstairs, taking in my hand the dead man's purse, pipe, and all the little odds and ends which we found in his pockets when he was brought in.

They were not talking when I went in, but sitting quietly one on either side of the narrow bed, and I noticed that the blue patient's hand was clasped gently but firmly upon the folded hands of the dead man. The woman rose and curtsied to me. A pretty, anxious-looking young woman, but at this moment wearing a radiant smile on her careworn face which contrasted strangely with the signs of recent tears still visible there.

"Oh, ma'am," she burst out eagerly, "do you think I may trust him? Do you think he really means it? He has offered—he that's sitting there—to take two of my poor fatherless children and bring them up for his own. He says he and my poor dear man that's gone were acquaintances ever so long ago, years before I knew Tom. And I don't know which way to turn to get bread for them all, now Tom's gone, for I'm but weakly, I am. Oh, to think God should have sent me such a help, such a help, at the worst!"

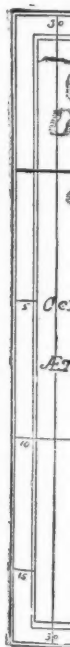
"You see, ma'am," said the blue patient in explanation, "I thought that if I could make the poor fellow who's dead and gone some sort of good return for the past, I should feel easier in my mind. And Missus here, she's willin' to let me have her six-year-old—that's one o' two" ("Twins, ma'am, he means," said the widow, parenthetically), "and her three-year-old, and that's a girl. That's but one boy and one girl, and I've got none o' my own, and my good woman she's very fond o' children. We're easy off, we are, for my missus is a fine manager, and we've been making and saving together for pretty nigh fourteen years. And Mr. Bruce, that's the foreman up at our place, ma'am, as was here yesterday, has promised me a lighter place at the same wages as soon as I go out from here, so I shall be able to do well by the little 'uns. And don't you fear," he added, turning to the widow, "but I'll be a father to 'em, true and steady, so help me, God, when I'm in my greatest need of Him."

He spoke quite simply without any affectation or pomposity, but with a little tremulous depth in his tone, as if he deeply felt the far-reaching vow he was making. And there was that in the noble attitude of his spirit, as he thus forgave the great wrong done to himself and paid it back with well-timed benefits, that seemed for the moment to transform the small, undignified, common-looking man, and clothe him outwardly as well as as inwardly with the dignity of a hero.

"It is a noble deed," I said, warmly, and there I stopped. Mere words of praise seemed paltry beside the lustre of that lofty action. Silently I passed round the bed and held out my hand to "the blue patient," who grasped it heartily, with a glad smile.

"Oh, God is too good to me—and so are you. How shall I ever make any return for it!" exclaimed the poor young widow, bursting into tears of thankfulness as she laid her face down upon her dead husband's breast, where still one hand of

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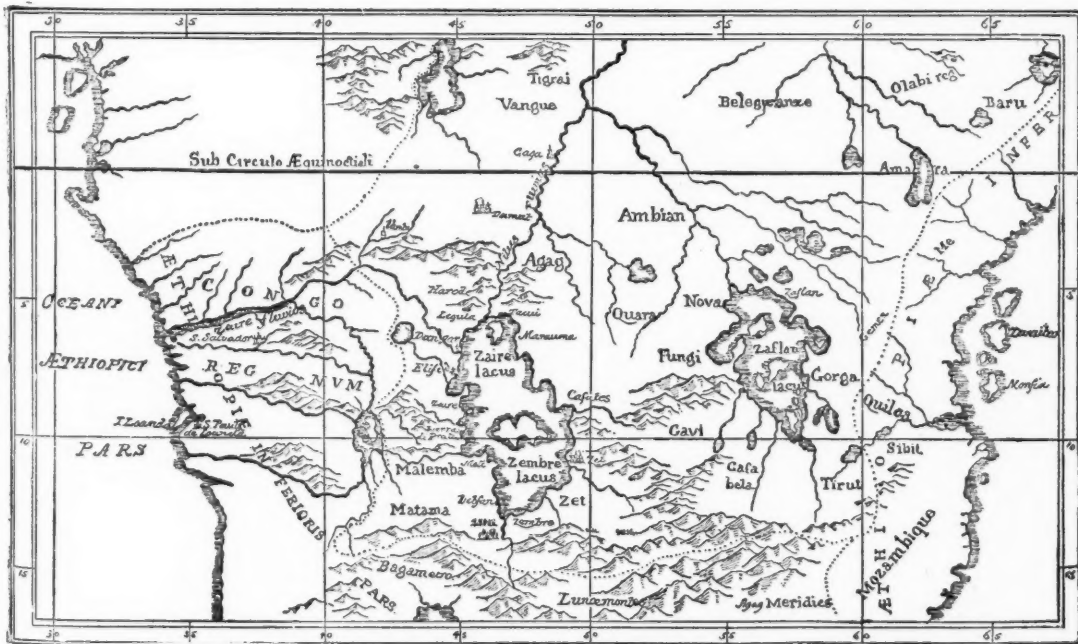
And so the matter was settled without more words; and the widow went on her way home (for there were the children there needing her care), with a grieving yet a comforted heart. But "the blue patient" went about for many days after with an air of quiet gladness and serene satisfaction very enigmatical to all those around him, save the one or two who knew or guessed the secret.

He was as good as his word. As soon as he was able to leave the hospital he took the two little orphaned creatures to his own home; and the heart of his childless wife opened wide to them with glad motherly affection. Nor was there any fickleness of purpose in carrying out his intentions. Year after year he cherished the children of his ancient enemy with a care and tenderness as unflinching as if they had been his own, and both he and his wife with scrupulous delicacy kept the original reason of his adopting them a profound

secret. He gave them plenty of "book-learning," plenty of that even better thing, home education; and plenty, too, of that best thing of all, an atmosphere of hearty human love and sincere religious feeling to live in. And no doubt he reaped a rich reward in the gleeful sunshine which happy children always shed through a household, and in the warm affection which they gave to him and to his wife, as well as in the answer of a good conscience free from all shadow of burden.

I often saw him afterwards, and found him just the same as ever—odd, fussy, and excitable; as Linton had not unaptly said, "very much like a sparrow chirping and hopping about all day long." The temporary exaltation of the first effort was past and over, and his nervous temperament, his small stature, and his many peculiarities of manner were again prominently conspicuous. But never again did that strange little man, with his blue-tinted skin, seem undignified to me, for I knew what capabilities there were beneath.

THE CONGO.



CENTRAL AFRICA AS DEPICTED TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

It is a curious fact that some of the greatest discoveries of modern science have been little more than the rediscovery of things well-known in the distant past, which have afterwards passed into temporary oblivion. In no science is this more remarkable than in geography, particu-

larly in that branch of it relating to Africa. Our intrepid modern travellers Burton, Speke, Grant, Livingstone, Young, Stanley, Baker, and Cameron, have in some instances only rediscovered—with, of course, greater accuracy and detail—lakes and rivers of which the geographers of three hundred years

ago were fully cognisant, and of which even the ancients knew something. These places gradually disappeared from the maps after the decay of Portuguese supremacy in Africa. The commerce of Portugal in the sixteenth century was at its greatest height, and at that period its traders had acquired a very considerable knowledge of the country east of St. Paul de Loanda and the Congo district, far into the interior, and even *clear across the continent* to Zanzibar. The ruins of Zumbo, one of their old intermediate settlements, was observed by Livingstone on the Zambesi. The Portuguese commercial routes from the Congo settlements to Zanzibar, from the west to the east side of Africa, touched several of those interior lakes of which we have heard so much in the last few years. But from a much earlier date there existed a legend, reaching Europeans through native sources, that the mysterious Nile flowed from twin lakes near the Equator or south of it. These lakes, after an immense amount of exploration, have been found to be the Albert and Victoria Nyanzas. Ptolemy himself indicated *three* great lakes from which the Nile and Congo issued, placing them, however, too far south of the Equator. There are maps of the fifteenth century in existence, and there is a gilt globe at Paris dated 1540, which make the course of the Congo much as described by Stanley; but, from reasons which cannot be satisfactorily determined, all these lakes and many of the rivers were ruthlessly swept away by map-makers at the end of the last century and at the commencement of the present one. The great Sahara desert in the north and the Kaffir desert in the south were joined conjecturally together, and the whole interior of Africa was depicted as one vast, dreary waste.*

The great river, which is variously known as the Congo, Zaire, or Livingstone, is one of the largest rivers in the world, and it is the largest African river so far as volume of water is concerned. It freshens the sea very perceptibly forty miles outside its mouth, and causes the water to appear entirely fresh ten miles from the shore. Its actual sources have been the cause of interminable discussions, but it may be safely stated that its sources are in the uplands north of Lake Nyassa, and in that vicinity. It has various names at different parts of its course (Lualaba, Chambeze, etc.), and has very large tributaries, which are only partly explored. At the farthest west on the Lualaba reached by Livingstone, which point is probably considerably more than 2,000 miles from that where the Congo falls into the sea, the river was 2,000 to 6,000 feet wide. It is known to be more than two miles wide at a distance of 300 miles from the sea—thus, by its side, the Thames is a mere streamlet.

This great river was discovered by Diego Cam in or about the year 1484, and at that time the natives at its mouth appeared friendly. Six years later a formal embassy was dispatched to the

Congo by Portugal, and, as was usual in those days, it was accompanied by some Roman Catholic missionaries. The then king was baptized, and Christianity was established *by law*, while fifty years afterwards a cathedral was erected at Sao Salvador,* a place which has now become an English mission station.

One of the earliest works relating to this region records the voyage made thither by Odoardo Lopez, a Portuguese, in 1578, and was published in Italian by Pigafetta. It was translated into English by Mr. Hartwell, secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and appeared in London in 1597.† This exceedingly scarce book contains a good deal that is interesting and quaint. It shows:—"1. That the two Zones, *Torrida* and *Frigida*, are not onely habitable, but inhabited, and very temperate, contrary to the opinion of the old philosophers; 2. That the blacke colour which is in the skins of the *Ethiopians* and *Negroes*, etc., proceedeth not from the sunne; and 3. That the River *Nilus* springeth not out of the Mountains of the Moone, as hath beene heretofore beleevved," etc, etc. After speaking of the crocodiles and hippopotami in the river, it tells of the "hogge-fishe," so called because it was found to be as fat as lard, and some of them were said to weigh as much as 500 lb. After a long description of the elephant, a far less known beast in Europe then than it is now, we are gravely told of "certaine haire in the elephant's taile, very precious," which sold for two or three slaves apiece!‡ They were used by the noblemen and women of Angola "to adorne and bedecke their neckes withal," and were stolen by "light and courageous persons" when the beasts were ascending some steep and narrow way where they could not turn round.

In the sixteenth century, as before stated, the Portuguese were the supreme traders of the country, and as at that time they could obtain a tusk of elephant's ivory for an iron nail, and other valuables at similarly economical rates, they made enormous profits at very small risk, the people of the country being then generally peaceful. Later on, however, they had to contend with the Dutch and French for their African possessions, and in 1784 and 1789 they had war with the natives, and so in course of time their forts and trading-posts dwindled down almost to nothing.

Then we come to the Tuckey expedition in 1816, which started with flattering hopes of success and terminated disastrously. It is worthy of notice that while the preparations for this expedition were being made Sir Joseph Banks suggested that a steam-engine *might* be found useful in the Congo, the smaller of the two vessels employed, which was intended for the navigation of the river. Bolton and Watt constructed an engine which gave the boat a speed of only four miles an

* On the strength of explorations made at this period the Portuguese found their claim to sovereignty over the whole Congo region.

† "A Report of the Kingdome of Congo, a Region of Africa, and of the Countries that border rounde about the same."

‡ Bristles of the elephant's tail made into necklets or rings are still worn in Congo.

* The annexed map is a reduction from one in Blaeu's great atlas, published at Amsterdam in 1667. At that period all the known lakes and rivers were retained; and from this and other maps it is apparent that thus early it was known that the Congo extended far into the continent with an unusually great breadth.

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hour, and made it draw too much water, so it was removed. Those were the days, too, when there was no sympathy amongst naval men for these "new-fangled inventions." Nowadays steam-launches are regular adjuncts to river expeditions. Already the International Congo Association has three steamers on the Upper Congo, and quite recently another has been sent out by the Baptist Missionary Society, which has been presented by a gentleman to the society at a cost of £2,000.

Captain J. K. Tuckey, R.N., left England with the Dorothea and Congo, and arrived off the mouth of the river at the end of June, and found great difficulty in forcing a way against the current. Ultimately he left the Dorothea behind, and took to his boats, and proceeded with them and the smaller vessel.

He travelled only about 280 miles up the river, as far as the first cataract, and this would not count to-day as a great exploration. Nearly all the party became fearfully debilitated, and the commander, one of his lieutenants, the naturalist, and fifteen others perished.

Subsequent visits to the lower course of the river have little interest in comparison with the expedition made by Stanley, who followed its whole length, from the farthest point reached by Livingstone right down to the mouth.

Nyangwé (Livingstone's farthest in going from the east coast), a small market-town where the Arabs trade with the natives, is probably at the present time the farthest point that the trade from the east penetrates the continent. Beyond this, at Stanley's time, all was uncertain if not quite unknown; and he called it "the Dark Continent." Nevertheless, he led into it seven hundred men;* and, after numerous desertions, and losses from disease and through fights—losing at one time as many as three persons per day—he emerged on the side of the Atlantic with one hundred and fifteen men, women, or children. "A few days after their start from Nyangwé," says Stanley, "the faces of the people were quite a study at the camp. All their courage was oozing out, as day by day we plodded through the doleful, dreary forest. We saw a python ten feet long, a green viper, and a monstrous puff adder on this march, besides scores of monkeys, of the white-necked or glossy black species, as also of the small grey, and the large howling baboons. We heard also the 'soko,' or chimpanzee, and saw one 'nest' belonging to it in the fork of a tall bombax. A lemur was also observed; its loud harsh cries made each night hideous." The paths were full of myriapedes, six inches in length, and armies of vicious ants. The Arabs said that the country was only made for vile pagans, monkeys, and wild beasts, and wished to be released from their contract, but were ultimately persuaded to proceed.

On emerging from the forest the Lualaba was again sighted, and there bore another name. Stanley proposed to call it the Livingstone, and that appellation is beginning to be accepted, though it will hardly supersede the older title entirely.

Stanley made a great address to his people, telling them that he meant to trust them and himself to the river. When he asked those to stand aside who proposed to cast in their lot with him, thirty-eight did so. Ninety-five stood still and said nothing. It was almost immediately after this that their troubles with the natives commenced. Sometimes it rained arrows all night, and they had to shut themselves in with stockades, and shoot for life. In all, they had twenty-eight conflicts with the natives. He tells one story how their fate for a time seemed to hang between perishing by cataract or by cannibals.

"About 2 P.M. (Jan. 4th, 1877)," says he, "as we were proceeding quietly, and listening with all our ears for the terrible falls of which we had been warned, our vessels being only about thirty yards from the right bank, eight men with shields darted into view from behind a bush-clump, and, shouting their war-cries, launched their wooden spears. Some of them struck and dented the boat deeply, others flew over it. We shoved off instantly, and getting into mid-stream, found that we had heedlessly exposed ourselves to the watchful tribe of Mwana Ntaba, who immediately sounded their great drums, and prepared their numerous canoes for battle.

"Up to this time we had met with no canoes over fifty feet long, except an antique century-old vessel, which we had repaired as a hospital for our small-pox patients; but those which now issued from the banks and the shelter of bends in the banks were monstrous. The natives were in full war-paint; one half of their bodies were daubed white, the other half red with broad black bars, the *tout ensemble* being unique and diabolical. There was a crocodilian aspect about these lengthy vessels which was far from reassuring, while the fighting men, standing up alternately with the paddlers, appeared to be animated with a most ferocious, cat-like spirit.

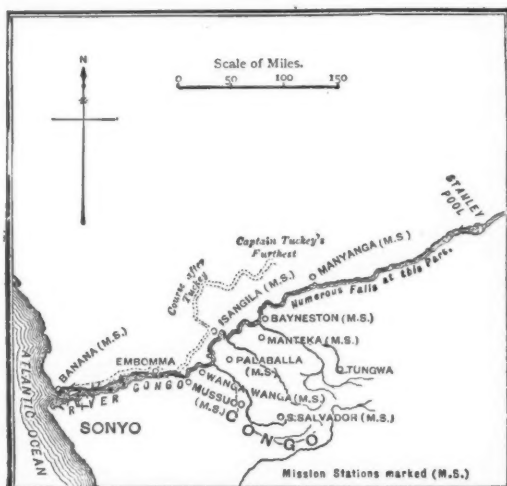
"We formed line, and having arranged all our shields as bulwarks for the non-combatants, awaited the first onset with apparent calmness. One of the largest canoes, which we afterwards found to be eighty-five feet in length, rashly made the mistake of singling out the boat for its victim; but we reserved our fire until it was within fifty feet of us, and after pouring a volley into the crew, charged the canoe with the boat, and the crew, unable to turn her round sufficiently soon to escape, precipitated themselves into the river, and swam to their friends, while we made ourselves masters of the Great Eastern of the Livingstone."

How far Stanley's large retinue contributed to produce the opposition he encountered cannot be accurately determined; but many old travellers are disposed to think that a small picked force might have come through with much greater ease.

The most noteworthy outcome of Mr. Stanley's explorations has been the founding of what is termed the International Congo Association. What the ultimate aims of this association are no one appears to know. It has been very publicly stated that they are not commercial, and that the

* About half of these returned home, as had been pre-arranged, and did not attempt to cross the continent back.

immediate object is to "establish on the Congo, from the Atlantic Ocean to Nyangwé, a line of friendly stations, at once scientific and free," but it does not yet appear to what uses the stations are to be put. Mr. Stanley is now engaged with various assistants in establishing these outposts of civilisation, and has already got, and has had for some time, three steam-launches on the upper course of the river, which is free from rapids and cataracts. As the possession of these steamers and arms will enable him to disregard any hostile efforts of the natives, and will permit him to work with great rapidity, we may, and probably shall, hear at no remote date of some very remarkable explorations and discoveries, if the rivalry of M. de Brazza, a former employé of the International Association and co-worker with Mr. Stanley—who has isolated himself, and is now working in the interests of France—does not put a stop to peaceful operations, and turn the Congo into a battle-field.



THE CONGO.

Besides these parties of explorers, there are others of a different character at work in the same region. Several missions have been established, and the Baptist Missionary Society in particular is pushing on its operations energetically. Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, recently gave this society the sum of £5,000, part to be expended in building and part as an endowment for supporting a Missionary Steamer. "I wish," said he, "this steamer to be maintained on the Congo and its affluents until Christ and His salvation shall be known all along the Congo, from Stanley Pool to the first of the equatorial cataracts." This vessel, named "Peace," was constructed by the well-known launch builders, Messrs. Thornycroft, and is now being conveyed overland in sections

towards Stanley Pool, where it will be reconstructed and placed on the river. Interesting and encouraging news has come in from time to time from the missionaries, and the fact that some of them more or less understand the practice of medicine has been found of value. They have, however, had their misfortunes. Two were attacked, from some unexplained cause, whilst on their way up the country, and narrowly escaped losing their lives.

Mr. Hartland describes their reception at Mukuta: "We walked into the town and asked the people its name, but got no answer. The people drew back a little, and then one man called out 'Fetch the guns; kill the white men!' and in an instant they rushed away, returning immediately armed with great sticks, huge pieces of stone, knives, cutlasses, and guns, and, without any word of palaver, commenced dancing and leaping around us and brandishing their weapons. Mr. Comber sat down by a house, and I was about to do the same, but our assailants yelled out, 'Get up, get up!' and rushed upon us. Such fiendish, blood-thirsty, cruel countenances I never saw. We got up and called to them to stop, that we would go back; but it was no good, and stones came flying towards us. We could see that the people were determined not only to drive us from the town, but to have our lives, so there was nothing left for us to do but to attempt flight, though it seemed hopeless. Away we started amid stones and blows. We all (including the interpreter and a boy) got hit and bruised, but managed to reach the top of the steep hill, when a sudden report rang out behind us above the uproar, and Mr. Comber, who was in front of me, fell. I dashed up to him and tried to assist him to rise, but he said, 'It's no use, John I'm hit, you go on.'" And so the race for life continued, Mr. Comber, whose wound was serious though not mortal, being able to rejoin them shortly afterwards—up hills and through villages, where the people, though sullen, did not molest them, tripping and stumbling as night came on. Though they pushed on without stopping, it was not until the following afternoon that they found themselves free from their pursuers and safe amongst friends. A piece of ironstone as large as a Barcelona nut was extracted from Mr. Comber's wound, and he ultimately recovered.

Towards the close of January, 1883, the eight hundred packages containing the various parts of the mission steamer Peace, arrived at the Wanga Wanga station. Thence they had to make a long overland journey to Stanley Pool, but the steamer would then find an uninterrupted course of nearly fifteen hundred miles, right into the centre of the vast continent; and it is sincerely to be hoped that it will soon be able to reach regions hitherto untouched, and get to work unhampered either by the evils arising from political squabbles, the greed of traders, or the rivalries of ambitious explorers.

RAILWAY SERVANTS

I.

I WAS summoned one morning not long since by a London City missionary to his house. For twenty-five years he had laboured among the railway men of the — Company. Now, worn out with work, he was about to die. Poor, chiefly by reason of the great self-denial which he had practised and the large number of his charitable acts, his home was scantily furnished, almost bare. The wooden stairs had no covering, the walls had no paper, the sitting-room contained little more than a table and a few chairs.

He wanted to see me at once, his daughter said, and she led me to his bedroom and opened the door.

It was a wonderful picture.

The sunlight streamed through the window and fell upon the face of the missionary, who lay with his hands peacefully folded together and his eyes closed. Around the bed stood railway men of all grades, silent, still. The missionary looked up as I approached. He glanced lovingly at the men. He placed his hand feebly in mine, and as I bent down he whispered, "Satisfied." "Mates," said a porter, "I think we had best pray for him; he's prayed often enough for we;" and, kneeling, the young man prayed in low, earnest tones, but so distinctly that every word reached the dying missionary, and every word was heard by all in the room.

When I went away I passed men upon the stairs crying like children. "It's little wonder that they love him," his daughter said. "For the last twenty-five years he has been among them from early in the morning until late at night. Often he has gone all day without food because he has had so many sick men upon his hands. We are tired out with nursing, mother and I, but we have not the heart to tell the men that they may not come. So the door-bell keeps on ringing all day long."

"What a fine set of men railway servants are," I thought to myself, as I walked down the narrow garden into the road. "It is a pity the public knows nothing about them, thinks of them merely as people who carry luggage and open railway-carriage doors. If men and women were more intimately acquainted with the lives of guards, enginemen, porters, and others, possibly the hours of labour for railway servants might be shortened, and Sunday might cease to be for them a day of toil."

There are at present in the United Kingdom quite 325,000 railway men, including officers, clerks, hotel servants, steamboat men, canal men, factory operatives, etc., as well as railway servants proper. The latter number about 160,000 men. These are engaged in traffic, and include signalmen, pointsmen, switchmen, and gatemen; enginemen, firemen, and cleaners; yard

firemen and shunters; carmen; gangers, plate-layers, and packers; head and under passenger guards; goods guards and brakemen; passenger station men, including inspectors, foremen, shippers, checkers, callers-off, loaders, and porters.

Railway men belong, as a rule, to the class of labourers or that of small tradespeople. When they enter the service of the companies they begin at the lowest rung of the ladder. They are not appointed as station-masters, nor inspectors, nor guards, nor enginemen, nor signal men, when first they join. These appointments are, in most instances, the result of selection among applicants who have served an apprenticeship. Years of special training are necessary in order to acquire a thorough knowledge of the detailed working of our rapid transport systems. The engine-driver must begin as a cleaner; after acquiring an acquaintance with the various parts of a locomotive he must serve a long apprenticeship as a fireman in order to gain the knowledge of the working of an engine in motion, and of the intricate system of signalling by which the traffic is regulated, and to obtain the experience that is necessary to fit a man for the responsibility and the emergencies that continually arise in handling a machine so complex and powerful. The signalman, also, is obliged to acquire a thorough knowledge of the work he has to perform—work requiring great skill and constant watchfulness and presence of mind. In like manner the station-master, the inspector, the guard, the shunter, and the porter have to be trained to their work, and have to master the system of labour upon which they are employed before they can be counted upon as efficient servants.

It is not desirable to enter here very fully into the duties of railway men. With regard to the work of signalmen, engine-drivers, and guards, however, it may be well to point out that the nature of their employment involves a great mental and physical strain.

A signalman has to manage the levers (many are extremely heavy), the disc, bell, and single-needle instruments, and the line-clear book. His work is harassing and anxious to a degree, incomprehensible to one who has never been inside a signal-box, and who, consequently, cannot realise how easily a mistake may occur. The signalman knows the terrible results that may follow upon an act of carelessness, and when he is depressed or out of health the verdict of manslaughter looms before him.

"He thinks of the lives in peril, and what may be their fate, If he springs to the points the length of a tick too late. And a cold and ghastly shiver runs icily through his frame As he thinks of the bloody wreckage, the trial, the bitter shame."

Small wonder that his constitution is shattered by

the time he is a middle-aged man. At a large gathering of railway men which took place last



A PET PASSENGER.

year I was asked to point out all the signalmen in the room. I did this easily, although I was not personally acquainted with one of the men. I knew them by their careworn, anxious looks, and their grey heads. "Oh, yes," said the secretary of a large railway men's club of whom I inquired if all signalmen suffered as these had done, "there is not a signalman that I know in the service over forty who has not grey hair."

The engine-driver must look out for signals, regulate the running of the train, and keep his



A CASE OF NEGLIGENCE.

engine under control. He remains standing the whole length of the journey, exposed more or less to snow and storm, lightning and burning sun. Sore feet and rheumatism are frequently the result.

The guard is obliged to watch the white-light or all-right signals, the green-light or caution signals, and the red-light or danger signals; to regulate the brakes of the slip-coaches attached to some express and fast trains; and in case of accident to protect the train by going back one mile to place detonators on the rails. He is responsible for the boxes or parcels in the luggage-vans, and if an article is lost he is called upon to find it again. Many guards complain bitterly of the unscrupulous conduct of passengers in this respect, applications being constantly made for goods which have been forgotten, or left at home, or, worse still, for goods which have never existed anywhere but in the dishonest imaginations of travellers. He is required to be civil upon all occasions, even when fussy ladies and irascible gentlemen crowd



THE LAST STRAW.

the platform. He receives very few thanks for his services. And yet how much guards appreciate the acknowledgment of their attentions is proved by their devotion to the late Lord Beaconsfield. He was a universal favourite upon the line. Guards and porters hurried to meet him and offer their services, and they still speak of his polite salutations and genial ways. Their papers, when he died, were full of lamentations for "the most courteous traveller of modern times."

The employment in which railway men are engaged involves not only a severe physical and mental strain, but is also exceedingly dangerous. They hold, at different times, the lives of nearly all the inhabitants of the United Kingdom in their hands, and if lives have to be sacrificed they must save those of the passengers at the cost of their own. The magnitude of their work will be seen from the following figures:—In the year 1880 there were 9,803 miles of double, treble, and quadruple, and 8,130 miles of single lines open for traffic, giving a total of 17,933 miles; the number of pas-

sengers conveyed, exclusive of ticket-holders, was 603,885,025; the number of miles travelled by passenger trains was 122,548,258; by goods and



STAND BACK.

mineral trains, 115,408,845; by mixed trains, 2,999,391; 240,956,494 miles in all. During the same year the Board of Trade returns show 591 railway servants killed and 4,612 injured; and it must be remembered that not more than one-third of the non-fatal accidents are given in these returns. The gravity of the accidents is shown by the reports of the Railway Benevolent Institution, a charity established in May, 1858, for the benefit of railway men and their wives and children. This



"BY YOUR LEAVE, SIR."

society gives the following list of cases relieved out of their casualty fund between the 16th of

November, 1880, and the 16th of November, 1881:—

Killed by accidents	105
Injured	1,983
Deaths by sickness	206
	<hr/> 2,294

Among the causes of death and injurious accidents, the following are a few examples:—

Crushed foot; lacerated leg; hand burnt with



DOUBTFUL ATTENTIONS.

boiling tar; squeezed between buffers; killed by fall from engine; back contused; run over and killed; loss of eye while at the forge; both legs amputated; accident to thumb, causing death; neck dislocated; muscle of arm ruptured, etc.

Other societies tell similar tales, for each company has charitable institutions for the use of its own men. The reports of these places give us an idea of the many necessitous women and children who are forced to lament husbands and fathers killed or injured in the performance of their duties on the railway.

"What are the causes of all these accidents?" I think I hear the reader inquire.

Overwork; the dangerous nature of the employment; and sometimes, no doubt, carelessness on the part of the men.

The two last causes I will deal with at present; the first cause we will look into by-and-by.

Practical illustrations will, I believe, put the matter more graphically before the public than words of my own, and therefore I will give one or two which occur to me now.

Not very long since, at one of our largest metropolitan stations, a young man was seen coming up the platform leaning on his wife's arm. His head was bowed down, and he walked slowly along,

paying no attention to his surroundings or to the people he passed. His wife was weeping silently, but as the whistle of a train sounded she gave a faint cry. The young man looked up. He was blind, totally blind. He had come up to London to see if science could do anything for him, and this morning the doctors had told him that his case was hopeless, and that he would never be able to see again. The station-master recognised him as he crossed the platform. They had worked together many a day. Pressing some money into the wife's hand, he led the way to a first-class carriage and tenderly placed his comrade inside. Some months later he attended the young man's funeral, together with hundreds of railway men. This is the story which he told me afterwards. The young man was an engine-driver, who had been early promoted in the service owing to his common-sense and general intelligence. His duty was to run trains upon some of the steepest branch lines of the company by which he was employed, and this meant not only heavy daywork, but nightwork as well.

One dark night a goods train which he was driving had reached a station on a portion of the line where, for the previous six miles, the gradient gradually became easier, and consequently the load had to be increased. The guard detached the engine after satisfying himself, as he thought, that the brake held the train, and sent it ahead over a pair of points where he turned it into a siding. He accompanied the engine some distance down the siding for the purpose of attaching the waggons required to complete the load. As they were nearing the waggons the engine-driver cast his eye in the direction of the main line, where the train had been left standing. He saw, to his dismay, that the train was beginning to creep noiselessly back down the incline, in the face of an approaching train due shortly after. Calling the guard's attention, he hurriedly asked him to turn the engine out of the siding, and when once more on the main line he shouted to him to turn it across on to the up line. Then off he started in pursuit of the runaway train. Nearly a mile had been traversed before he passed the train—which at that point had acquired considerable speed—and it was another mile to the next crossover road, the working of which lay in the six-foot. Here he arrived some few seconds before the train, the noise of whose approach was distinctly heard. Dropping off his fireman, and telling him to stick to the points and turn them off after him, he moved gently away. On came the train. The fireman stuck to the points like grim death while it rushed by, and he, keeping his eye on the approaching tail-lights on the brake-van, regulated the speed of his engine, so that when its buffers met those at the end of the train the touch was but slight, and the power was in his command. Then by applying the tender-brake and reversing the engine he brought the runaway train to the station again before the arrival of the passenger one. His health, which had been previously very much tried, gave way under this strain. At first he complained of a slight pain in the head and sleeplessness, but went on working as usual.

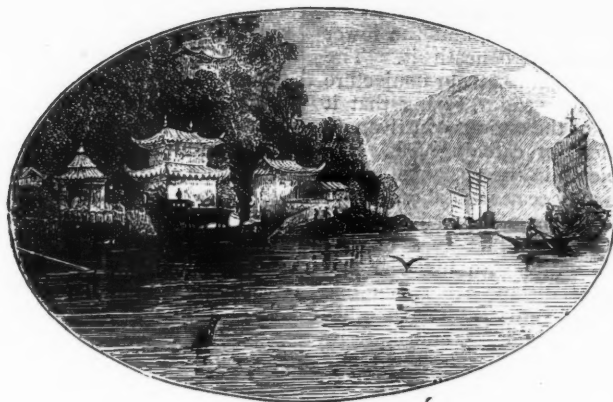
Soon after, an affection of the nerves made him go blind, and he was forced to relinquish the care of his engine. By the time he arrived at the hospital in London the mischief had gone too far for treatment, and, broken-hearted, he went home to die.

Again.—A guard, while shunting some waggons which he had uncoupled from the engine, was required to hold a pair of points, the lever of which had to be pulled towards him at right angles with the rails. Having given the necessary signal for the driver to put the waggons in motion, when the signal was given to stop they were only just separated from the buffers of the tender. Anxious to save the engine from going in the same direction as the waggons, he forced the lever forward towards the rails; it came out of the socket, and with it loose in his hand he fell headlong under the tender wheels. His injuries were terrible. The right arm was shattered, one eye was knocked out, and some ribs were fractured. The company's surgeon, thinking the case a hopeless one, took no steps to amputate the arm until the afternoon of the following day. The man was then perfectly conscious, and hearing his wife express fears concerning his taking chloroform, insisted upon having his arm amputated without any anæsthetic at all. "Hang you, doctor, there's a tooth out of that saw," he said, as the bone was being sawn through. During the rest of the operation he did not make any exclamation nor utter one word.

These are fair specimens of the way in which accidents happen, sometimes through carelessness or ignorance, sometimes through circumstances over which the men have no control.

The many hairbreadth escapes that fall to their lot, and the sense of ever-present danger which they have, draw the men together, and in few, if any, other classes of workmen are stronger ties of friendship and sympathy to be found. They are a brave and faithful set of men, and they do great credit to their employers. The discipline to which they are subjected strengthens their characters, and the responsible nature of their employment teaches them self-respect. They are very loyal to their masters, and proud of their cloth. "It's a disgrace to the uniform," they often say if one of their body does anything they consider mean or wrong; and by the highest and the lowest "the service" is spoken of with admiration and pride.

An Irish goods guard, Jack by name, comes into my memory as I write. He was but one of the many good fellows to be found on the line. His "counthrymen," who recognised him at railway stations by his brogue, asked him sometimes to "shtand a counthryman a dhrink," but the look of withering contempt which he turned upon them caused them to shrink away shamefaced. There never was, however, a better friend in this world than Jack. "Here, mate," he said one Christmas-time, pulling a half-sovereign from his pocket. "You've been rather hardly put to it lately with the missus ill and the little one to bury. I'm not troubled with wife or child myself, and the money will do you more good than it will me."



FISHING IN CHINA.

THE special interest caused by the Chinese department in the International Fisheries Exhibition induces us to give the following extract from the journal of a voyage made some years ago in Chinese seas.

About a hundred miles beyond Chelung Point the ship's course lay through the wide strait between the mainland and the island of Taiwan, or Formosa, with the Pescadores Channel, so named by the early Portuguese navigators. Within this extensive area of several hundred square miles lies the most prolific fishing-ground in the China Sea, where numerous banks lie below the shallow water between the channels, and are frequented by the largest kinds of fish. Though these waters are subject to sudden storms, from which the hardy fishermen run for refuge, we were fortunate in having fine weather, which enabled us to see scattered over the horizon thousands of boats, the smaller ones in groups and the largest size sailing about singly. By this time the south-west monsoon had set in steadily, which the trading junks took advantage of, increasing the native craft at sea. The addition of foreign vessels gave the strait as busy a maritime aspect as the English Channel in the height of its traffic.

Amoy is the principal port in the province of Fokien, which sends to sea more boats and fishermen than any other town in China. The method of fishing is chiefly with hooks and lines. Instead of venturing out singly or in couples, it is usual to form parties of eight or ten small boats, with fifty or sixty men, boys, and women engaged in catching and curing the fish. The small craft are dispersed over a wide area, where the occupants sit patiently paying out their lines with baited hooks, and hauling them in from the bottom, varying from ten to fifteen fathoms deep. In the midst of these boats a large junk was anchored, being a roomy vessel from twenty to twenty-five tons measurement, on board which were the women and boys employed in the curing operations. When any of the small craft had filled their baskets they came alongside the junk, into which they discharged their takings. Those on

board then split up the fish and spread them out to dry on planks laid fore and aft for the purpose, exposed to the sun and wind. These planks, though like an upper deck, were moveable, so that if it came on to rain they could be lowered into the hold under shelter.

There was a considerable quantity of fish laid out, but of what kind we could not tell, excepting on the high stern of the junk, where, on bamboo poles lying across it, were hung rows of cuttle-fish, which the Chinese value for the curious bone in their bodies. Several of the small boats as they passed the ship were hailed, so that we had a good look at the variety of fish caught, as the sea was comparatively calm, which favoured the fishers. Europeans name these after the fish found in their own waters, as they more or less resemble mackerel, mullet, salmon, and the like, but it is questionable if they are of the same species in ichthyology. We selected what our sailors called sea-bream, carp, tench, and herring, but they turned out insipid when cooked. The best flavoured and firmest was a large species which the fishermen named *Kaso yoo*, weighing upwards of fifty pounds, similar in size, shape, and taste to the tunny-fish of the Mediterranean. As a rule Chinese fish are deficient in natural flavour compared with those caught in European waters; but the native cooks are clever at concocting sauces, which render them palatable tit-bits when picked up by the chop-sticks and eaten with a mouthful of rice. To our taste, however, the dressing smelt too rancid to be agreeable. The most delicate fish, both in appearance and for the table, is the *Pak fan yoo*, or *Sam lee*, which has been appropriately termed the salmon of China, but it is not so red in colour or firm in flesh as our prince of fishes, though it is held to be so there, as the first haul of the season is sent to the emperor's kitchen.

Having left the busy fisher fleet behind, we were contemplating the bold mountain scenery on the mainland, with a wide stretch of water between, when the sailor at the helm—a stranger to the coast navigation—said he saw an object floating on the water ahead that looked like a human being. Immediately we brought our telescope to

bear on it, and there certainly was the bust of a man above the surface of the sea, and the lower part of his body apparently beneath it. The captain came on deck, laughing at our conjecture that he might be a castaway sailor, saying that it was a fisherman on one of the curious contrivances off the coast of Fokien for catching fish. He pointed to similar objects in the distance, where they seemed isolated and scattered about. On approaching near one of them we could discern a small raft or catamaran, without mast or sail, where the fisherman squatted with his gear and hauled up his lines. At distances between one hundred and two hundred yards from each other were five or six of these tiny floats, and close by was a sailing boat which went round them and collected the fish. Each raftsman sat in a kind of bamboo chair formed by four cross pieces, which raised his legs out of the water, with his feet on a level, so that he sat perfectly steady while the raft was at anchor. At each end of the bamboo cross pieces a line was sunk with several hooks attached, which he watched zealously. When he felt a bite it was hoisted up quickly, and the fish caught put into a basket. If the object intended in this solitary style of fishing was to prevent any disturbance of the water that might frighten the fish away, it was admirably planned.

Evidently this peculiar group of fishermen were just commencing their labours, as they had collected very few fish; while other boats were rapidly arriving from the harbour of Huetan, each with their complement of men and rafts, which they launched into the sea at intervals. We soon counted some twenty-five of the former and nearly a hundred and fifty of the latter. These boats are said to be the best models and swiftest sailing craft on the coast; instead of bluff bows like those farther south, they are narrow, forming a kind of cutwater, ornamented with two large fish-like eyes, for it is a maxim among Chinese sailors to say in their doggel dialect with foreigners:—"Sampan no eyes got, no can see; sampan hab eyes, can see can sabee." The sail is large in proportion to the hull, and consists of thin matting with light bamboo yards at intervals of eight or ten feet, so that it falls or rises on the mast something after the plan of a venetian window-blind. From each slender bamboo yard hangs a halyard, so that in reefing or lowering sail one or more can be let fall at the foot, according to the judgment of the steersman, who holds the bundle of eight or less in his hands. The captain informed

us that these fishermen hailed from Quemoy Island, to the north of Amoy, and were deemed the most expert seamen in the Formosa Channel, whence they cruised across to the island, for purposes more of a piratical than a piscatorial character.

Before leaving this great sea-fishing ground, we sighted a spacious inlet leading from the northern entrance to the strait into Hingwha Sound. Here we saw different contrivances for a fishing station than any already described, being in the following manner. Four large spars, from sixty to seventy feet long and proportionately thick, are moored outside the entrance to the Sound, and fastened at the ends by strong lashings, so that a square is formed. In rough weather these spars act as a breakwater, so that the surface of the inner space is comparatively smooth. An entrance is made into this temporary dock at one of the corners, where the lashings can be loosened and a small fisher-boat or sampan launched into it, when its occupants can float about in calmness and security. Along this timber breakwater their lines are fastened, and also round the gunwale of the boat, so that they have a wide area of fishing ground without using nets. Numbers of these contrivances are moored away from the channel, so as not to interfere with navigation, several of them belonging to one party, who have a large boat that sails round them and collects the fish caught. Their boats are differently rigged from those of Quemoy, having two masts, one carrying a foresail, and the other a jigger astern, but they have the same sharp bows, with red fishy eyes that start conspicuously from the white painted hull. Sometimes they will venture fifty or a hundred miles from the coast, fishing for sharks in the deep sea, which the Chinese eat with gusto, especially the fins and tail when stewed. In fact they can devour nearly all sorts of fish, and the contrivances employed for capturing them barely suffice to supply the demand. Nevertheless, so extensive and productive are the fisheries in China, on the coasts, up the rivers, and in the lakes, it has been calculated that there is probably not less than one-tenth of the population engaged in that industry. No tax is levied on fishermen in any way along the sea, where they are allowed to take fish in whatever places they please. In the great rivers and lakes they may fish at pleasure; but there are small lakes and ponds, the property of individuals, subject of course to their own control.

S. M.



FISHING WITH CORMORANTS.

Varieties.

The Eccentricities of some Musical Composers.

MEYERBEER, that man of mournful melody and plaintive notes, used to shut himself up in an old granary hidden from all eyes. In hearing the wild wind moan, the rain coming down in torrents, the storm bursting over the devoted heads of those exposed thereto, was the source of his wonderful inspiration. He delighted in thumping out upon his piano an imitation of the disorder of the elements—the wailing of the blast, the crashing of the thunder and the flashing of the lightning, and the roaring of the ocean.

ROSSINI could not bear to hear his own music. His facility of composition was really wonderful—the greater part of his works were written in the midst of all the pleasures and gaiety of society. The "Gazza Ladra" was written in twelve days. "William Tell" took him but three months, and was written amidst the constant thronging of his domicile by visitors in whose conversation he frequently joined, but which never distracted his attention from the labour of composition, except some one hummed one of his melodies, or a barrel organ ground them under his window.

AUBER is said to have gained the initiative ideas of some of his best compositions while galloping on horseback; his steed may thus be said to have been, without mythological fable, the true Pegasus. The celebrated Market Chorus in his "Masaniello" was written after noting a bizarre combination of conflicting harmonies produced by the *poissardes*, *marchands de légumes*, and others in the *Marché des Innocentes*.

HAYDN, it is well known, used to dress himself as if going to Court ere he sat down to write; and must necessarily wear the diamond ring presented to him by Frederic II king of Prussia, before a single musical idea could enter his head. The more recent Wagner had also similar eccentricities.

GLUCK, to rouse his imagination, used to place himself in the middle of a meadow, under the heat of a burning sun, with his piano before him, and two bottles of champagne by his side. In this way he wrote his two "Iphigenias," his "Orpheus," and his "Paris."

GRETRY tells us that his medium of inspiration was sipping of tea or lemonade. Whether he was a teetotaler he does not say; but we presume he was at least a temperance advocate.

ADOLPHE ADAM, after he had dined, would lie down on his bed, and, summer or winter, would smother himself with the bedclothes, then have one of his cats placed at the head, and the other at his feet, and in that half-stifled position court the goddess of harmony, and woo her to inspire him, as a composer of operas and ballets, with those pretty airs which were so much applauded by the Parisians.

SARTI chose a large empty room for the field of his labours, dimly lighted by a single lamp suspended from the ceiling. His musical spirit was summoned to his aid only in the middle of the night, and in the midst of the most profound silence. Thus he produced the "Medonte," and the beautiful air "La dolce Campagna."

CIMAROSA loved noise, and preferred when he composed to have his friends around him. Thus he wrote his "Matrimonio Segreto" and "Les Horaces."

PASIELLO preferred to write in bed; and from between the sheets he produced his "Nina," "Il Barbiere," "Moli-nari," and other operas.

ZINGARELLI, sought a stimulus in some favourite Latin classic, and after reading wrote an entire act of "Pyrrhus," or "Romeo and Juliet."

ANFOSSI, a Neapolitan composer, was a *bon vivant*, and, it was said, could not write a note except surrounded by roast capons, hams, sausages, or other viands! He died young, but was a composer of great promise.

C. H. PURDAY.

San Francisco.

In the brief space of thirty years there has sprung up a city of more than a quarter of a million of inhabitants, and covering a space of forty-two square miles, where little more than thirty years ago there was only a succession of sandhills, steep and cut up by numerous gullies. The sand ridges have been levelled, the gullies and hollows filled up; and where in the year 1849 large ships rode at anchor there are now paved streets. The progress of the city is unequalled in the history of civilisation. There are middle-aged dwellers in San Francisco who can remember when the only habitable tenement in the place was the old mission house, built by the Jesuit fathers in 1778, of "adobe," or Mexican sun-dried bricks. The place is now a city of palaces. There are millionaires in San Francisco who came thither as "pioneers," who can remember when the nascent town of log-huts and mud-hovels was infested by Mexican "greasers," bandits, and horse-thieves, deserters from merchant ships, and even refugees from Botany Bay, and when murder and robbery and deeds of violence were so rife that the few remaining respectable citizens in the infant community were fain to form themselves into a Vigilance Committee and summarily hang the ringleaders of the ruffian hordes whom the reports of the discoveries of gold had attracted to this new Eldorado. The city yet contains a sufficiently dangerous element, the Irish labouring class, who loathe the cheaply-labouring Chinaman; but in 1880 the mere threat of the re-establishment of a Vigilance Committee, and the prompt arrest and imprisonment of Dennis Kearney, the "Sand Lot" agitator—a kind of Irish Arabi seen through the small end of an optic glass—were enough to terrify the "hoodlums," and San Francisco is now as law-abiding a city as New York, or Chicago, or St. Louis. It is perhaps more cosmopolitan than any other community in the great Republic. It has no Puritan antecedents, as Boston; no Quaker ones, as Philadelphia; no Dutch ones, as New York; no English Cavalier ones, as Richmond and Charleston; no French ones, as New Orleans has. In fact, San Francisco may practically be said to have no antecedents at all. The Spanish element, which yet lingers alongside the French in Louisiana and is still manifest in Texas and Florida, has all but completely vanished from California. A few Spanish names of things and places survive, but "San José" has been corrupted into "Sanhoyay" and "St. Jo," and to a corresponding extent the Mexican "greaser" has been absorbed in Anglo-Saxonism. All nations flock to 'Frisco, but English is the dominant tongue, and European customs are the prevalent usages. Some peculiarly American customs have been imported from the East. The cocktail flourishes supreme over all other beverages, the tram-car is the most favourite mode of conveyance, and poker and euchre are games extensively patronised; but otherwise San Francisco is in appearance the least American of all American cities. It is one of the gayest cities in the world and one of the most church-going. Young Men's Christian Associations are as popular as theatres and masquerade balls. There are plenty of temperance associations, and the consumption of champagne is prodigious. Merchants and speculators of immense wealth abound, and there are numerous bankruptcies every week, and a permanent contingent of beggars, who, as a rule, decline to accept a smaller donation than ten cents. Finally, it may be hinted that there is still a good deal of revolver practice, especially among the editorial class; but the climate, happily, continues to be "eminently favourable to the cure of gunshot wounds."

G. A. S.

Poisonous Fish.

The number of fish suspected to be poisonous is considerable. In the year 1833 Audenricth published a catalogue of seventy kinds, and though little reliance can be placed upon the statement, it is certain that several varieties have proved to be thus dangerous. Some, as the mussel, the conger-eel, and the oyster, which are generally

nutritive, have been known occasionally to become poisonous; some are so to one person but not to another; while other fish, and especially in tropical seas, such as the *clupia*, the yellow-billed sprat, etc., appear to be always poisonous.

There are several others which have occasionally or frequently caused symptoms of poisoning; and many kinds from Cuba, and various species of *Sphyræna Balistes*, *Ostracion Caraux*, *Lachnolamæus Tetragonurus*, *Thyurus*, have been ascertained to be poisonous in all seas between the tropics. Among the Chinese and Japanese the poisonous nature of some fishes, particularly of the sting-belly tribe (*Tetrodon Ocellatus*), is so generally credited, that they have been used for suicide.

Dr. Günther, in his text-book on the "Study of Fishes," published in 1881, states, with regard to the tropical fishes just referred to, that "all, or nearly all, acquire their poisonous properties from their food, which consists of poisonous *Medusa*, corals, or decomposing substances. Frequently the fishes are found to be eatable if the head and intestines be removed immediately after capture. In the West Indies it has been ascertained that all the fishes living and feeding on certain coral banks are poisonous. In other fishes the poisonous properties are developed at certain seasons of the year only, especially the season of propagation." With regard to the poison-organs of fish, about which little appears to be known by ichthyologists or toxicologists, Dr. Günther adds that, "these are more common in the class of fishes than was formerly believed, but they seem to have exclusively the function of defence, and are not auxiliary in procuring food, as in venomous snakes. Such organs are found in the sting-rays, the tail of which is armed with one or more barbed spines. Although they lack a spinal organ secreting poison, or a canal in or on the spine, by which the venomous fluid is conducted, the symptoms caused by a wound from the spine of a sting-ray are such as cannot be accounted for merely by the mechanical laceration, the pain being intense, and the subsequent inflammation and swelling of the wounded part terminating not rarely in gangrene. The mucus secreted from the surface of the fish, and inoculated by the jagged spine, evidently possesses venomous properties. This is also the case in many scorpionoids and the weaver (*Trachinus*), in which the dorsal and opercular spines have the same function as the caudal spines of the sting-rays; however, in the weaver the spines are deeply grooved, the groove being charged with a fluid mucus. In *Synanceia* the poison-organ is still more developed; each dorsal spine is in its terminal half provided with a deep groove on each side, at the lower end of which lies a pear-shaped bag containing the milky poison; it is prolonged into a membranous duct lying in the groove of the spine and open at its point. The native fishermen, well acquainted with the dangerous nature of these fishes, carefully avoid handling them; but it often happens that persons wading with naked feet in the sea step upon the fish, which generally lies hidden in the sand. One or more of the erected spines penetrate the skin, and the poison is injected into the wound by the pressure of the foot on the poison-bags. Death has not rarely been the result." (See "Leisure Hour" for 1881, p. 488, for an account of the "No'u" Fish of the Pacific.)

Professor Boehm, of Dorpat, in a short account of "Poisoning by Poisonous Fish," in Dr. Ziemssen's "Cyclopædia of the Practice of Medicine," informs us that the more important clinical cases of fish-poisoning have all been occasioned by eating various kinds of sturgeons, which are extensively consumed in the department of Volga, in Russia, although these fish in themselves are not at all poisonous, and are eaten by thousands of people for their daily nourishment. While nothing is positively known as to the cause of such poisoning, this eminent toxicologist adds that "it is probably owing to a modified decomposition or putrescence only developed in the salted fish." As to the recorded cases of fish-poisoning in England, these are mostly from eating mussels.

In 1860 several persons were poisoned by mussels which were picked up by a woman at the bottom of a basin of a ship-canal. Two years later a case was reported of a woman who had eaten some mussels taken from a ship in the docks, and died in about four hours subsequently; several other persons also became seriously ill from their consumption, but recovered. This vessel, though not sheathed with copper or yellow metal, was coated with a green pigment which pro-

bably contained arsenic. Three boys at Falmouth, after swallowing some of this shell-fish, became insensible and died within an hour. Dr. Taylor thinks that the poisonous action of the fish is not occasioned either by putrefaction or disease, nor always by idiosyncrasy, as in one instance only those mussels which had been taken from a certain spot were poisonous, and all persons who partook of them were injured, and a dog to which some were given died from the effects of eating them. It has been suggested that copper in the mussel may sometimes be the cause of the mischief, for it was found, on analysis in the case of two women who were poisoned, that there was sufficient of this metal to cause the symptoms which they experienced. Copper, however, is not present in all instances of mussel poisoning, and therefore it is probable that there is in some, if not in all cases, an animal poison present in the fish.

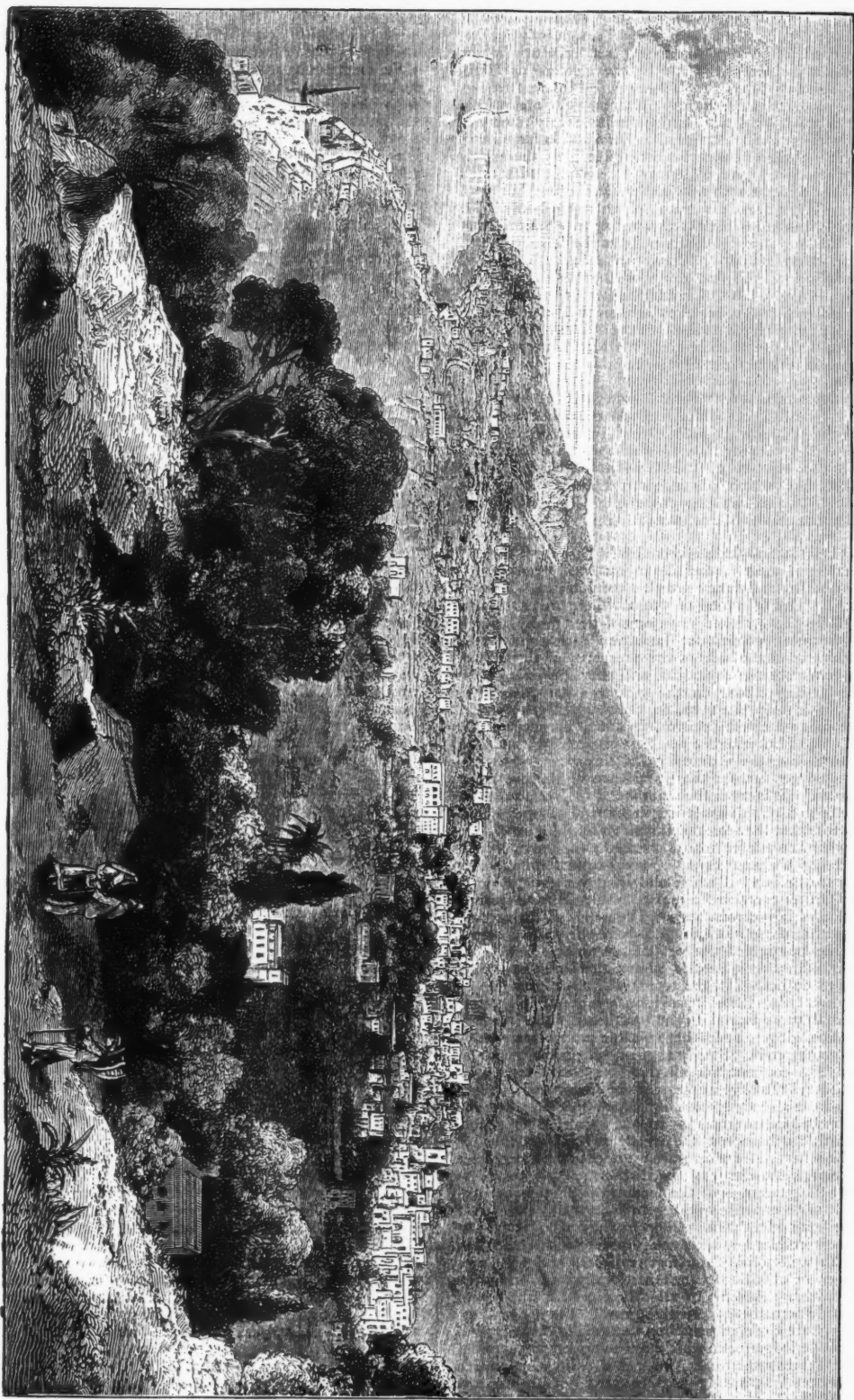
Instances are mentioned of individuals who have died from the effects of eating other fish in England—namely, one from a mackerel, another from a conger-eel, one from winkles, and three others from eating Norwegian crabs. These fish, as well as lobsters, oysters, and periwinkles, have also occasioned dangerous symptoms. In some queries respecting the poisonous properties of fish, published in the "Pharmaceutical Journal" in 1853, Dr. Hamilton says that the yellow-billed sprat is in the Islands of Nevis and St. Kitts "one of the most rapid and deadly poisons known during eleven months out of twelve. . . . It is so deadly that a negro girl has been known to drop down dead while in the act of eating, and with half the fish yet in her mouth." A case is mentioned in the Liverpool "Medico-Chirurgical Journal," for July, 1882, in which one hundred passengers on board an Orient steamer from South Africa to Australia were seized with illness after eating curried cray-fish, and seventy-one were so unwell as to require medical aid. In the "Cape Argus" for April of the same year we are informed of a fatal case of cray-fish poisoning.

The Earthquake at Ischia.

There was no sign whatever at Ischia on the 28th July, while the sun shone brilliantly upon it, giving the slightest warning of the fearful catastrophe impending. The evening is described as one of the loveliest and most peaceful which it was possible to imagine. The Gulf of Naples was like a mirror; not a breath of air was stirring; not a sail was to be seen. As darkness came on the canopy of heaven was brilliantly studded with stars. The many visitors with which Casamicciola was crowded were gaily enjoying such another balmy Italian night as that which Shakespeare depicted in "The Merchant of Venice." Many had gone to amuse themselves in the theatre, while others were enjoying a concert given in one of the hotels, called the Piccola Sentinella, and there, as if with prophetic irony, a pianist was playing Chopin's "Funeral March." In less than a quarter of a minute Death with one stroke laid his hand on thousands, and this scene of happy, careless enjoyment was changed to one of desolation, while the sounds of gay laughter gave place to the shrieks of the dying. One whole family escaped by having taken boat half an hour before to enjoy the starry evening on the water near the shore. They suddenly heard a roaring noise; the water became agitated; Casamicciola was instantly wrapped in a dense cloud; they heard the shrieks and groans from within the cloud, and, terrified, laid hands to the oars and rowed out as far as they could.—*The Times*.

The Egypt Exploration Fund.

Strange as the statement appears, it is true that the first attempt carefully to excavate a site in Egypt to discover historical remains has only this year been made. The "Egypt Exploration Fund" was started a year or two since, mainly by the effort of Miss A. B. Edwards and Mr. R. Stuart Poole. Sir Erasmus Wilson became president, generously heading the subscription list with £500. M. Naville has undertaken the direction of the work, and the place chosen to begin was Tel-el-Mashkutah. The soundness of the reasoning that led to this choice has been proved by the results. This spot has long been supposed to be Raameses, one of the store-cities built by the "king who knew not Joseph." In the course of a few weeks M. Naville found there monuments that prove conclusively that the true name of the place is not Raameses,



CASAMICCIOLA, ISCHIA, BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE.

but Pithom; that Pithom, the place of Tum, is only another name for the Biblical Succoth; that it is also the city known by the Greeks as Heroopolis and by the Romans as Hero, or Ero. The two points of greatest general interest are—

(1) The character of the ruins at Pithom. The area within the walls of the ancient city, which can be clearly traced, is occupied with a temple dedicated to Tum and a large number of edifices, all constructed on one plan. Of these only the lower storeys remain. They are rooms built with thick walls of bricks, made both *with and without* straw, but with no *doors*. There are clear traces of an upper storey. M. Naville holds, with probability amounting to certainty, that these are the very store-chambers built by the Israelites.

(2) The identification of Pithom with Succoth gives us the certain site of the first camp of the Israelites during the exodus. The position of Pithom makes all those theories which maintain that the Israelites pursued a northerly route untenable. Dr. Bregsch's view that the "Yam Suph" was a "sea upwards" somewhere along the Mediterranean coast is rendered in the highest degree improbable by this discovery.

The promoters of the "Fund" hope at once to attack Sân, the Biblical Zoan. This is a site connected with the history of Joseph, with the rule of the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, the Egyptian dynasty of which so little is known, and with the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt. The brilliant success which has attended the first expedition will lead all Biblical students to await with interest and expectation the results of this excavation.

Jamaica as it is.—In a recent letter from a "Times" correspondent a most favourable report was given of the present condition and future prospects of Jamaica. Here is an extract: "Out of a total of 550,000 there are not 15,000 whites. Thus the state and prospects of the 'darky' population is the great problem for Jamaica. Incidentally, too, this problem lies at the basis of the prosperity of the whites, for these latter are the capitalists, and they can only obtain profits by finding labour on the spot to assist them; and local labour is and must be, in the main, negro labour. When we first occupied Jamaica, in 1662, an account was penned by one Hickerlingill; and he writes, 'Here is plenty of food to relieve the planters' cattle throughout the year, needing no winter hoard; the providence of the ant being useless here.' It is true, the main secret of Jamaican prosperity is the fact of this exceeding bounty of nature; but it is no less true that the secret of Jamaica's troubles lies in the corollary that 'no winter hoard is needed; the providence of the ant being useless here.' Food grows spontaneously and ready to the hand of man; and whatever else he does, whatever further exertion he makes, results in rapid visible amelioration of his surroundings. Thousands of the negroes here rent or purchase plots ranging from one to five acres; the rent does not exceed twelve shillings an acre; and from these plots, with the lightest of labour, the barest invitation to Nature to do her work, the tenant will clear from £20 to £50 a year. In these 'provision' grounds plantains, oranges, and yams run riot; and with but little personal labour, coffee, ginger, and other valuable products are cultivated to great profit. Steady negroes, so thriving, congregate in village communities numbering a total of 1,500 or 2,000 souls, and thus live in pleasant neighbourhood. Their clothing I have already spoken of. Their dwellings are exhibiting marked improvement. In many districts they have adopted with much success the agency of local building societies, the schemes for which are introduced and cared for by such men as the clergy of the district, and their success insured by the guarantee of the local white planters or merchants. It is no uncommon thing to find already prominent among the less noticeable dwellings in these villages bright-painted, neat residences, with cool, open jalousies, and furnished with well-polished mahogany floors, and with new furniture—some of it European, other locally made and often curiously inlaid. Adding to all this a certain number of English-made ornaments usually present, these dwellings present a picture closely resembling that of the clean type of cottage seaside lodgings, in which well-to-do English families elect to pass their summers. And such dwellings in Jamaica are the homes that steady negroes erect for themselves. Around will be the plot of ground planted with 'provisions,' and in its immediate neighbourhood the 'barbecue,' or

plastered platform on which to dry the coffee gathered from the bushes that grow almost wild around. In the centres of these villages are stores, kept, as a rule, by coloured men, and overflowing with English-manufactured products, ranging from piece goods to sardines and cottage ornaments. And on the shelves the most noticeable article is bottled ale and stout, a favourite luxury with the negro, and one for which, even in 'hurricane times,' he can well afford to pay at the rate of sevenpence and eightpence the small bottle. The hillsides of Jamaica are rapidly becoming dotted with these 'provision' grounds, cleared in the scrub and exhibiting a luxuriant growth of varied tropical products."

Successful Drapers.—The founder of the great house of Shoolbred and Co., in Tottenham Court Road, was originally educated at the Orphan Working School—then in the City Road, but now at Haverstock Hill. The will of the late Mr. Tarn, whose shop was near the Elephant and Castle, was proved a little while since under a million. He was only about sixty years old when he died, and commenced business some thirty years ago in a little shop, being his own shopman. A writer in a newspaper says: "Not long ago I was at a meeting where there were six men, of whom the poorest, who could scarcely write, was worth a hundred thousand pounds; and the richest, who never read a book of information through in his life, was making fifty thousand pounds a year. They had all begun as working men except one, who is an M.P., and he had commenced life as a shopman, and had made ten thousand pounds a year. Such are the chances of money-makers in England, where credit is easy. But then money-making is an art—like poetry, a born gift." So says the writer: I differ from him. A tradesman who lives within his income, and who sells that for which there is a yearly increasing demand, cannot but prosper. He has only to shut his eyes and open his mouth, and take what heaven will send him. With trade ability, good health, and frugality, a man cannot help making a fortune. People fail because they want to have their cake and eat it at the same time; because they like to discount their good-fortune; because they prefer to enjoy from day to day rather than to accumulate capital; and, lastly, because when they have money, in their eagerness to make more, they go into some rotten company and lose all.—*City Press*.

Sight and Sagacity of an Arab Horse.—John Lawrence was galloping home late one night, as his custom was, across country, when his Arab horse came to a dead stand, nearly shooting his rider over his head. Lawrence tried to spur him on, but Chanda refused to move, and only after backing a good way, and then taking a considerable circuit, consented to continue in the former direction. The night was very dark, and Lawrence, who had never known his horse do the like before, was a good deal puzzled. The next day he managed to make his way back to the place, when he found, to his horror, that he had ridden at full gallop right up to a large open underground tank or cistern, such as are not uncommon in that thirsty country, some thirty feet deep. One step more would have been the death of both horse and rider. And often afterwards, in looking over the points of a horse, he would draw attention to the full, round, prominent eye, able to take in rays of light invisible to man, which had caught sight of the yawning chasm immediately below him in that dark night. "It was an eye like that," he said one day, as he was examining a fine horse's head in Mr. Woolner's studio, "which saved my life."—*Life of Lord Lawrence*.

Old Songs.—"Oh, there's nothing like the old song,
The songs of love and truth!"

"I dearly love an old song," said a white-bearded and silver-crowned old English gentleman; "it is the newest, freshest piece of antiquity in existence, and is liable to no selfish individual appropriation. It was born in traditional times, yet its reputation suffers not on that account, and it comes down to us associated with all kinds of fond and endearing reminiscences. It melted or gladdened the hearts of our progenitors, and has since floated around the green earth, finding a welcome in every feeling heart from the throne to the cottage. It has trembled on the lips of some past and forgotten beauty, and has served in countless wooings as the appropriate medium for the first and bashful breathings of affection. The youthful maiden has broken silence with it in

many a lovely dell ; the shepherd has chanted it on the still mountain side ; the rough sailor has filled up the pauses of his lonely watch by whistling it to the shrill winds and sullen waters ; it has bowed the head, brought a tear to the eye, and recalled home and home thoughts to the mind of many a wanderer in a distant clime and on a foreign shore. It has been sung in the solitudes of nature and at the festive board. It has refreshed the worn-out heart of the worldling, and awakened in the soul of the outcast 'thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.' It has often been a source of consolation and joy to the penitent sinner, who recalled to mind the beautiful and touching hymns sung in his infancy at a loving mother's knee, who may have long gone to her eternal rest ; and it will glide gently down the stream of time, cheering and soothing as it goes, from generation to generation !"

"Then give to me the old song,
The songs of early years ;
They mind me of the days gone,
Those days of smiles and tears !
When hearts were young, and cares were few,
When friends were kind, and love was true !"

C. H. P.

Lord Salisbury.—In the third volume of the "Life of Bishop Wilberforce" we have some pleasant glimpses of Lord Salisbury. In the diary, under date December 12, 1868, when a guest at Hatfield, the Bishop writes, "Morning walk with Gladstone, Cardwell, and Salisbury. Gladstone, how struck with Salisbury, said he 'never saw a more perfect host.'" And in a letter a few days after he repeats, "Gladstone remarked to me on the great power of charming and pleasant host-ing possessed by Lord Salisbury." In a letter to Sir Charles Anderson he tells of a day spent at Hatfield in January, 1871, and says, "Salisbury is a fine fellow. Such clear grip of intellect, and so high-minded in everything." Dining with him at his town house in 1872 he says in his diary, "Salisbury, charming ; so fair, so kind, so simple and high-minded." And again in 1873, "Dined Salisbury's. Pleasant and sensible evening. Miss Alderson sang beautifully." Those who have judged Lord Salisbury only from his appearances as a party leader will be pleased with these notes. All who were present at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund in 1882, where he presided, must have carried away an agreeable impression of his courteous and genial bearing, and of the modest yet manly tone of his speeches.

The late Dr. Moffat.—The death of Dr. Moffat removes one not unworthy to be numbered among those apostles of savage tribes to whom the childlike enthusiasm of an earlier age accorded the honour of canonisation. The nineteenth century has its saints and its martyrs not less than any of those that preceded it, and although we build no abbeys in their honour, they are not less worthy to be held in remembrance by mankind than St. Alban, or St. Helier, or any of the great missionary saints who spent their lives in civilising the rude barbarians of Europe. Bechuanas are, perhaps, more tractable than the vigorous Norsemen who first slew and then worshipped the messengers of the Cross, but the self-denying labours of Dr. Moffat at Kuruman lose none of their lustre because, unlike many of his fellows, the life which he often hazarded was never taken.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Primeval Londoners.—The following extract from a newspaper article, on the discovery of bones of extinct quadrupeds in London excavations for building purposes, is a curious example of the cool assumption with which non-scientific writers dogmatise upon points still under scientific discussion. The existence of anthropoid beings in the progressive stage from apes to men is a favourite theme with Darwinian theorists, and is thus referred to in "a leading journal" : "At one time it must have been quite a matter of doubt and struggle whether the genus homo would or would not obtain precedence in creation. The ancient Londoner who saw alive and prevalent those animals whose fragments are now collected in Piccadilly bore his part unconsciously but successfully—in that long-forgotten battle, and deserves, in a way, the celebrations of a conqueror. He was no doubt an animal himself—hardly distinguishable by aspect from the

anthropoid apes—speaking fewer and less intelligible words, than the Bushmen of Africa, if he spoke at all, and beyond doubt accustomed to eat the flesh of his fellows as readily as that of any other denizen of the wilds. Yet, as surely as the clay deposits dug up under Drummond's Bank at Charing Cross were to become the foundations of another and later London, so was that earliest inhabitant of the Thames Valley destined to prepare the way for his successors who now people the great city. And in a fashion he did prepare it. After him, and because of his rough work, came the comparatively advanced race which knew of fire and metals, cattle and culture. If the beginnings of great things are momentous, if we feel pleasure in exploring the fountain-heads of mighty rivers, then these bones, which remind us of the long-vanished but terrible struggle between primeval man and his fierce rivals, ought to make us respect the cave-dwelling Londoner. There must have been rare concealed gifts in the poor nameless biped to make him winner at last in the desperate battle against mammoths and cave lions."

Napoleon's Temper.—Readers of Madame Junot's gossip will quickly form an opinion as to the badness of Napoleon's temper. "What a pity that such a great man should be so ill-bred," remarked Talleyrand, after the Emperor had spitefully tweaked his ear in public ; and it seems that the Emperor had a passion for pulling noses as well as ears. He sometimes pinched Madame Junot's nose till she shrieked, and even his caresses were so rough that on one occasion he reopened an old wound in General Junot's head by carelessly passing his hand through the wretched man's hair. His paroxysms of rage are said to have been awful, but they did not awe everybody, for when the little tyrant once lifted a cane to strike Vice-Admiral Bruat the latter placed a hand on the hilt of his sword, and said, "Take care, Sire." Pius VII again, when a prisoner at Fontainebleau, disconcerted the Emperor by placid sarcasm. Napoleon, talking on the Concordat, had worked himself into great excitement, and stamped about the room, unfolding his scheme for a Gallican Church. The Pope waited until he paused for breath, and then murmured the one word "*Comediantes!*" Utterly maddened at this, the Emperor shook his fist, yelled, and swore ; but the Pontiff's only answer was to smile with a pitying sweetness as he whispered "*Tragediantes!*"

Australian Paper.—In Mr. J. Bonwick's work on the "First Twenty Years of Australia," some amusing facts are related respecting the "Sydney Gazette," the first newspaper started in the colony. Mr. Bonwick says : "For months together, during 1805 and 1806, it appeared with two pages foolscap only. One copy had four Government advertisements, and as many from the not very enterprising public. The issues of August 23 and 30, 1807, were on such small paper that the type had to be carried to the very edge. There were two pages of three columns each, having altogether about 3,000 words. Subsequently there came a total suspension of the periodical. The great sorrow of the poor printer lay not in his wretched type, which only exasperated the reader, but from the inability of getting a supply of paper. This was of all sorts and sizes, as well as colour. It was in vain he advertised 'A liberal deduction to every subscriber furnishing paper ; viz., six sheets of demy, eight of foolscap, or twelve of quarto letter paper.' He made this appeal August 31, 1806 : 'To the public. As we have no certainty of an immediate supply of paper we cannot promise a publication next week.' On September 7 he intimated, 'Under the assurance of a further temporary supply of paper, we have been enabled to provide an exact sufficiency for this scanty publication.' That the worthy man was not at all particular may be seen from his advertisement of January 13, 1805 : 'Wanted to purchase any quantity of demy, medium, folio post, or foolscap paper, for the use of printing, and which, if by any accident from damp, or slight mildew rendered unfit for writing, will answer the purpose.'"

Expense in Domestic Vanities.—I am no advocate for meanness of private habitation. I would fain introduce into it all magnificence, ease, beauty, where they are possible ; but I would not have useless expense in unnoticed fineries or formalities ; cornicings of ceilings and grainings of doors, and fringings of curtains, and thousands of such which have become foolishly and apathetically habitual things, on whose

common appliance hang whole trades, to which there never belonged the blessings of giving one ray of pleasure, or of becoming of the remotest or most contemptible use—things which cost half the expense of life, and destroy more than half its manliness, respectability, freshness, and comfort. I speak from experience; I know what it is to live in a cottage with a deal floor and roof and a hearth of mica slate; and I know it to be in many respects healthier and happier than living between a Turkey carpet and a gilded ceiling, beside a steel grate and polished fender. I do not say that such things have not their place and propriety; but I say this emphatically, that a tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly lost in domestic comforts and incumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a marble church for every town in England, such a church as it should be a joy and blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks, and as it would bring the light into the eyes to see from afar, lifting its height above the purple crowds of humbler roofs.—*Ruskin.*

Whither shall I send my son? and what Education should he have?—Major-General the Hon. W. Fielding has written some articles in the "Nineteenth Century" under the above heading. In the pressure of home life there is little room for a large proportion of the sons of the upper classes, and the general commends to them a colonial life. Special education is required for this, and the following is the list of qualifications which a new school is expected to give. The result to be attained at the age of eighteen is that he may be:

1. A thorough gentleman, with the instincts of honour and duty inherent in that character, and with a sufficient knowledge of Latin and Greek to enable him to be a complete master of the English language.

2. He should know enough of the elements of the science of agriculture to enable him to understand the laws and principles which govern the rotation of crops according to the varying conditions of climate, rainfall, etc. Besides the theory of farming, he should be able to use every description of plough, to drive teams of oxen or horses, and to skilfully use and to repair all the implements generally employed by farmers.

3. He should understand the breeding and rearing of horses, cattle, and sheep, the breaking in of horses and cattle to work of all descriptions, and the handling and shearing of sheep.

4. He should be able practically to construct rough timber bridges, dams, tanks, and artificial watercourses, both for irrigation and mill purposes, and possess such a knowledge of elementary statics, dynamics, and hydraulics as will enable him to understand the principles which govern the construction of works of that description.

5. He should, moreover, have a knowledge of rough surveying and levelling—

6. A fair practical acquaintance with rough carpentering and the erection of that class of buildings used by settlers on the outskirts of civilisation—

7. A knowledge of seamanship sufficient to enable him to work out a latitude and longitude, and to navigate and sail a lugger, cutter, or schooner. The construction of rafts and other contrivances for crossing streams or lakes should also form part of his education.

8. The principles and construction and use of the steam-engine should be thoroughly understood, and a fair knowledge of the elements of natural and chemical science should also be acquired—

9. An intimate and practical acquaintance with all the many arts and contrivances which enable an experienced traveller to exist in health and comparative comfort where a man ignorant of them would probably fall into ill health and starve—

10. A practical knowledge of cooking with and without those culinary articles deemed necessary in civilised life; the curing of fish and meat, and the preparation of hides for storage and for the market—

11. The use of the woodman's axe and the cross-cut and pit saw, and the capability to sharpen tools of all sorts—

12. A sufficient knowledge of the trades of wheelwright and harness-maker, to carry out any ordinary repairs to waggons or harness.

13. In addition to the above he should know enough of

the sciences of geology and mineralogy to enable him to recognise the presence or proximity of coal, limestone, and the minerals generally found in the colony of his selection; to together with a knowledge of the general principles which facilitate the discovery of subterranean water supplies.

14. A thorough knowledge of the keeping of accounts by single and double entry and an intimate acquaintance with the geography and history of the colonies are of course presupposed; as without the first named he would be incapable of keeping together any profits he might make, and without the latter he would be unfit for taking any prominent part in colonial affairs.

We should think that a youth with these accomplishments would be a king of men anywhere, and would scarcely need to emigrate!

Wooden Bells.—This morning—Christmas Day—the village was early astir, and soon after six the beating of the *lalis* summoned us to morning service. The *lalis* are the Fijian substitute for bells: a solid block of wood, six or eight feet in length, is hollowed out, like a canoe, and when struck with two sticks produces a deep reverberating tone, which is heard at an immense distance. Most villages have two of these lying side by side, and when struck by skilful players they are capable of producing an immense variety of notes. So you see we had Christmas chimes even in Fiji.—"*At Home in Fiji*," by C. F. Gordon Cumming.

A Judge's Illogical Joke.—Lord Bramwell undertook (during the Lords' debate on the Marriage Bill) to prove that, if a man and his wife are one, then his wife is his own sister. Lest any one should think him jesting, he declared that the ready laughter of the House was uncalled-for. But by a most extraordinary blunder, he actually ignored his own premiss, which, declaring the wife to be the man himself, makes the sisterly relation impossible. Even a logical jest should be logical.—*Times.*

Deaths from Snakes and Wild Beasts in India.—From a gazetted notice it appears that in 1881 18,670 persons were killed by snakes in India, and 2,757 by wild animals; 43,609 head of cattle were destroyed by snakes and wild animals during the same year; 254,968 snakes and 15,274 wild animals were destroyed, and Rs.102,810 disbursed by Government in rewards for their destruction.

Cigar Ends.—There are in Switzerland nineteen associations promoted for the purpose of collecting the discarded ends of cigars, selling them, and applying the proceeds to charitable purposes. An official report shows that for twelve months' operations these associations can show a net profit of 31,250 francs, with which 1,726 poor children were provided with clothing.

Cat and Fiddle.—This odd sign probably came from the old custom of exhibiting dancing cats in the streets. In "Pool's Twists and Turns about London Streets," a book about two hundred years old, the writer remarks: "I was teased by a half-naked boy strumming on his violin, while another urchin was, with the help of a whip, making two poor cats go through various feats of agility."

British Museum Reading-room.—While there are always a few authors engaged in learned researches, the majority of the frequenters are engaged in re-adapting old materials for popular use. "Here we are," said one of these compilers to another whom he met at the door—"here we are at our daily work, making new shoes out of old boots."

American Postage Stamps.—Nine tons of postage stamps, 52 tons of envelopes, 113 tons of postal cards, and 17 tons of newspaper wrappers were sold at the New York post-office during 1882. The value of newspaper and periodical stamps sold was 439,802.88 dollars, and the total receipts of the office were 4,228,575.29 dollars.

Mineral Oil Lamps.—Every landing of every house in which such oils are used should be furnished with a scuttle or bucket of sand. Sand, if thrown upon burning oil, disintegrates it and puts out the flames, which water used in small quantities tends only to spread.

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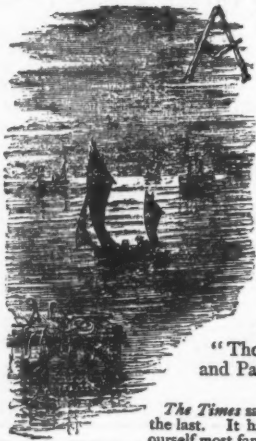
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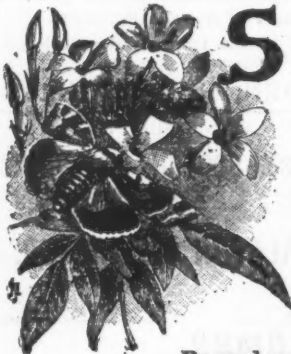
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	Yearly.	Half-yearly		Yearly.	Half-yearly		Yearly.	Half-yearly		Yearly.	Half-yearly
20	£1 13 7	£0 17 4	45	£3 6 4	£1 14 2	20	£1 17 8	£0 19 6	45	£3 16 0	£1 19 2
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40	2 16 3	1 9 0	65	7 14 8	4 0 2	40	3 5 6	1 13 9	65	9 0 9	4 13 8

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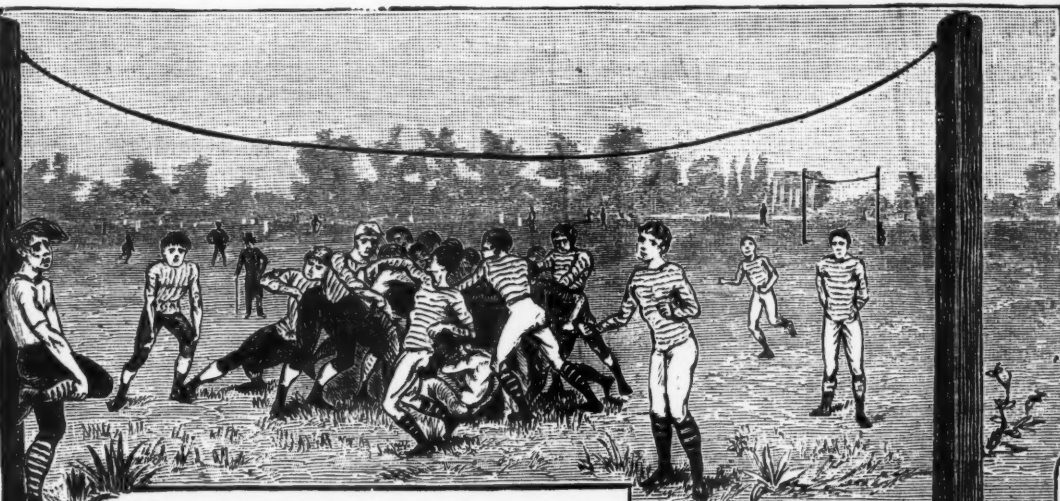
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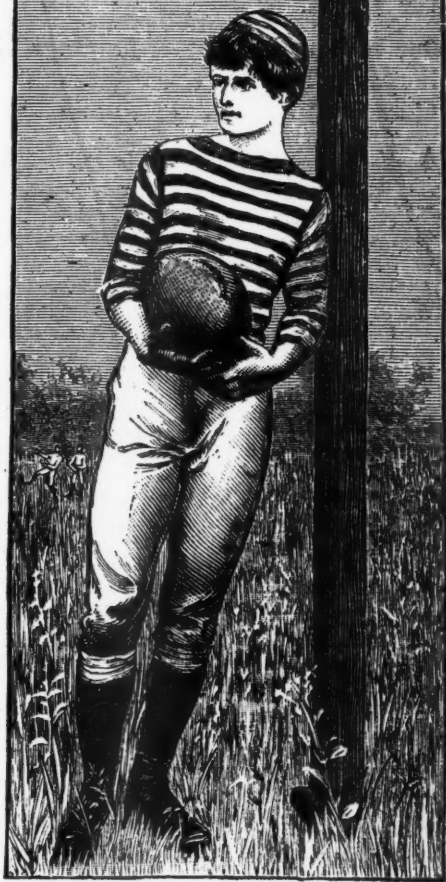
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16	1	18	11	26	2	6	6	36	2	18	7	46	3	19	2	56	5	15	7
17	1	19	6	27	2	7	6	37	3	0	2	47	4	1	11	57	6	0	7
18	2	0	2	28	2	8	6	38	3	1	10	48	4	4	10	58	6	5	10
19	2	0	10	29	2	9	7	39	3	3	7	49	4	8	0	59	6	11	5
20	2	1	7	30	2	10	8	40	3	5	5	50	4	11	4	60	6	17	4

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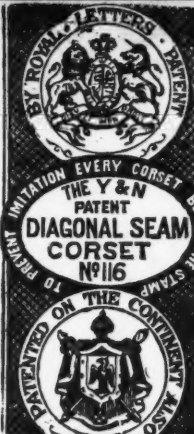
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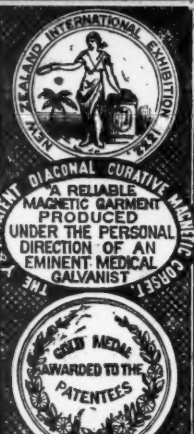


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